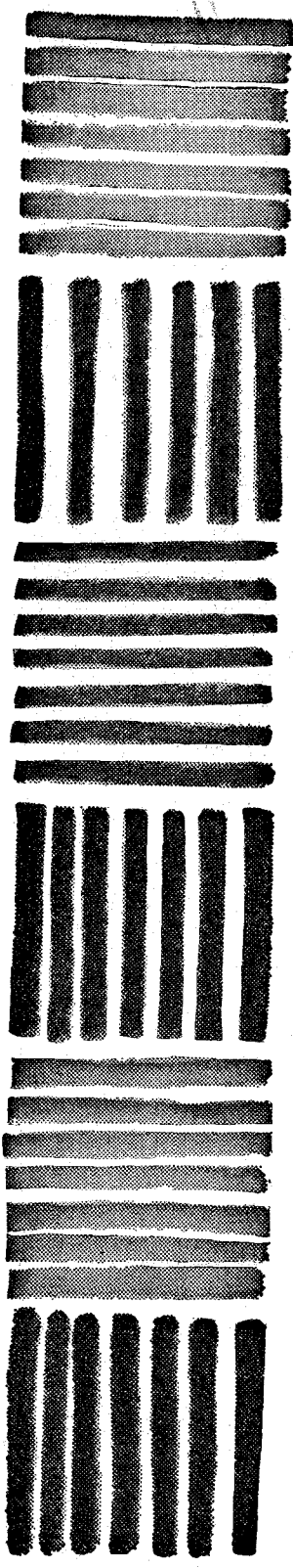


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California

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Putsch in the GOP

Donovan Bess

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LETTERS

New York vs. Chicago

Ratingen, Germany

Dear Sirs: In his slightly caricatured description of the art world of Chicago in the thirties (*The Nation*, Apr. 6) Max Kozloff makes one remark on which I should like to comment: "Rudolph Weisenborn grotesquely misunderstood Cubism." Of course, if he says so. . . . But one might think, even on his own pseudo-sociological basis, the case needed another look.

In the same way as Stuart Davis, but considerably earlier, Weisenborn applied synthetic-Cubist principles to an environment both socially and architecturally opposed to Paris. . . . The abstract "Chicago" of 1928, with its flying, angled masses and its aerial space, extends — excuse me, misinterprets — geometric painting environmentally in a way not thought of at the time. . . .

Two things, I think, have hindered recognition of Weisenborn, even now in his old age. One was the slightly ludicrous timidity of the Art Institute under Daniel Catton Rich. The other was the unrelenting enmity of Alfred Barr, for so long the art dictator of New York. Mr. Kozloff speaks of the "cultural rancor" of Chicago against the East Coast. Has he forgotten the cultural snobbery of New York vis-à-vis the Middle West? Is he aligning himself now with that?

John Anthony Thwaites

New York City

Dear Sirs: One sympathizes with Weisenborn because he was an unquestioned pioneer. But one can't excuse his incoherence, his lack of talent. For Mr. Thwaites to accuse Messrs. Rich and Barr of neglecting a failure is foolishness. As for "the cultural snobbery of New York vis-à-vis the Middle West," I think a more accurate word is indifference. But I also think my articles on Chicago should have made clear that I don't share it: Criticism, yes; snobbery, no!

Max Kozloff

Defense of Diefenbaker

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: As a Canadian graduate student at Yale Law School, I read with utter amazement and distaste the irresponsible diatribe launched in your Apr. 20 issue by Mr. Ian Sclanders against the Rt. Honorable John G. Diefenbaker. . . .

Mr. Sclanders . . . as a Canadian correspondent in Washington, doubtless feels that what is good for the United States is always good for Canada. . . .

T. William Sommerville

Park or prison?

New York City

Dear Sirs: John Barden's "The Educational Park" (*The Nation*, Apr. 20) is an incisive example of how a large metropolis can deal with a mammoth problem. . . . To increase the educational yield on the taxpayer's dollar, we shall indeed have to move towards the concept of community and away from "neighborhood." Mr. Barden's piece was very much a step in this direction.

David J. Padwa

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: "The Educational Park" . . . is the work of a true "mad scientist," with concern only for abstract values, technology and even low cost. It puts Orwell and Huxley to shame. Mr. Barden is not writing about an educational "park," of course, but about an educational "factory," if not "prison."

Eugene S. Mornell

A demagogue comes North

Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sirs: I think the difference in racial attitudes North and South is that in the South whites feel pressured by the large Negro minorities, and this feeling is exploited by demagogic politicians. Where there is no demagogery, as in North Carolina, there is relatively little overt racism. When one considers the pressure on working-class Northern whites of rising unemployment and the Negro demand for jobs, Wallace's strange triumph becomes a little more explicable.

Emmett J. Durant

'Chicken'

New York City

Dear Sirs: A *New York Times* editorial (Apr. 16), headed "Blood Sport" began:

A deranged youth steps out on an Albany hotel ledge. Twelve stories below, crowds urge him to jump. Not to a net's safety. To death. What kind of people can become such a mob? How can adults yell "chicken!" and "yellow!" to another human dangling on the lip of danger?

Yes. But a more urgent question is how can some of our leading citizens cry "chicken" to our government and urge it to carry out bombing attacks against North Vietnam? How can our government, in effect, say "yellow" to the Vietnamese who want a U.S.-maintained fratricidal slaughter stopped? Not long ago the *Times* published a wirephoto from South Vietnam showing a small child hideously burned by napalm supplied by the U.S., and dropped from a U.S.-supplied plane, piloted by a young American. . . .

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The *Times* editorial concluded:

Disregard for another's life—by inertia or, worse, by goading—takes civilized people back to the cave. Does the attitude of that Albany mob bespeak a way of life for many Americans? If so, the bell tolls for all of us.

The *Times* says it better than I can, but it addresses its feeling of shock at the gnat. It is the camel that is truly frightening. . . .

Helen Mears

The Serpent in the Garden

All the commentators are expatiating on Lyndon Johnson's remarkable success in his first five months as President. He has captivated the common people and a good many not-so-small businessmen, amazed the country with his seemingly boundless energy, deprived the Republicans of issues, and dissipated all the misgivings which thoughtful citizens felt when he took office. A typical Johnson occasion was his address to visiting editors and broadcasters in the White House Rose Garden on April 21. But, scarcely noticed, a serpent lurked in the greenery: Vietnam. Not even Mr. Johnson is immune to its venom; he had better watch his step in the garden.

To all intents and purposes, South Vietnam is an American protectorate. We accepted this responsibility almost inadvertently — we would have been much better pleased if the French had continued to bear the white man's burden. France, however, had had enough of it, and we took over under a casual letter-agreement between President Eisenhower and Ngo Dinh Diem, our nominee as the people's choice.

Now President Johnson has inherited what President Eisenhower began and President Kennedy continued. We are getting deeper and deeper into the morass. Our casualties mount, and frequently after an American serviceman is killed his widow releases letters he wrote complaining that the South Vietnamese lack "motivation" and the Americans have to do their fighting for them.

Playing cheap politics, Republican hopefuls like Nixon and Rockefeller assail Johnson for not carrying the war to North Vietnam. It is likely that Johnson intends a limited extension, which is actually in progress (*The Nation*, "Over the Border," April 27), but since we supply only air transport and expect South Vietnamese to do the fighting, it can scarcely be more effective than the fighting in the Mekong delta and the environs of Saigon itself. Mr. Johnson's hand may thus be forced. In the May *Fortune*, Charles J. V. Murphy lays down the American Century policy. We are losing the war to the Communists, Murphy declares, and with it Southeast Asia. "If we want to win we must undertake a policy far more drastic than anything the Administration has yet proposed."

Indeed, matters have reached a point where only large-scale American engagement could conceivably crush the Vietcong, which has the support of probably 70 per cent of the South Vietnam population. If the Chinese decide to intervene, even full American engagement (without nuclear weapons) would not suffice. The Chinese would probably like to see us try it. It would give them leverage in the Sino-Soviet conflict: Khrushchev could be depicted as an American accomplice and counterrevolutionary. Johnson, having achieved a *détente* of sorts with Khrushchev, would

find himself engaged in a war bigger than the war in Korea, and similarly unwinnable.

Senator Wayne Morse, who has been making a series of illuminating speeches on the dirty war in Vietnam, outlined a sensible approach in the Senate on April 24. It is not a question of winning the war, but of finding an honorable way out. If Mr. Johnson can manage to hold things together at the present level of U.S. participation, without spreading the area of conflict or escalating the level of combat, then after the election it might be possible to negotiate the neutralization of Southeast Asia — a step that would imply the recognition of Red China and its admission to the United Nations. But Mr. Johnson has no guarantee that events will give him that much time. "The illogic of our policy," as Senator Morse points out, "is that if we show any sign of success, the Chinese will step up their participation. Conversely, as the guerrillas show signs of success, we have stepped up our participation." In this way, fighting could go on for a decade, or it could suddenly escalate into World War III. Why not, then, take the issue to the United Nations, which is where it properly belongs? As Senator Morse states, our participation in the civil war in Vietnam is "outside the legal framework of international law and American treaty obligations . . . that is why I say take it to the United Nations. Insist that the other signatories to the charter assume their obligations to enforce the peace. It is in our historic interest to do so."

Needed: More Vote-Ins

Burke Marshall, head of the civil rights division of the Justice Department, has made public a list of 189 counties in eight states where he feels that Negroes are being denied their voting rights. It is routinely proper to criticize the white Southerner for withholding the vote, yet sometimes these rights are successfully withheld only because the Negro makes no effort to test the white temper.

Five of the offending counties are in Florida (three of them, by an irony of nomenclature, are Lafayette, Liberty and Union). Of the five, perhaps the most notorious is Gadsden, whose county seat is Quincy. There is a lesson in Quincy.

In Gadsden County there are about 12,000 Negroes who are eligible to vote. Until a few years ago, the number of Negroes actually registered varied between none and two (a couple of old nannies whose names the white folks put on the rolls "for looks").

Quincy is a small town (pop. 8,875) but a rich one. There are fifteen millionaires within its city limits. Shade tobacco is the region's staple crop: one of the biggest gambles in farming, with one of the biggest pay-offs. And, by a generation-old stroke of luck, more Coca Cola stock is owned per capita in

Quincy than in any other place in the nation. The people of Quincy like their way of life. They feel they can make it on their own and need no outside help. The Quincy State Bank is one of the few banks in the country that operate free of the jurisdiction of the FDIC, a freedom of which even the poorest man in town is proud. Federalism, go home.

Into this seemingly impregnable social environment four months ago moved a small voter-registration crew from CORE. They spent their first weekend in the Quincy jail. But when 200 Negroes responded to this intimidation by reporting Monday morning at the registration office, police backed off. Today, 1,327 Negroes are registered in Quincy, more than at any time since Reconstruction days. The cost to CORE for four months of salaries, office space and gas: \$900, or about 69c per vote.

If it can happen in Quincy, it can happen to some degree anywhere in the South (except Mississippi, which only erosion can change), for the Southerner's bizarre scale of values makes him far less emotional about who goes into a voting booth than about who goes into a café. With a pull from Burke Marshall and a shove from a financed leadership, the voteless Southern Negro needs only a desperate willingness on his own part to set the great wheel turning. The job of evoking this willingness is the Negro's own. Outside a few metropolitan areas, it is generally a job badly done. Negro heroism in such centers as Birmingham cannot compensate for political sloth in the small towns of the South.

'Hang They Must Not'

Two white men, one Indian and six Africans are on trial for their lives at Rivonia in South Africa. Here is what their leader, Nelson Mandela, said at the end of his address to the court:

During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to see realized. But if need be, my Lord, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.

These do not sound like the words of a criminal or, if this man and his co-defendants are criminals, so were Socrates, Giordano Bruno, Sacco and Vanzetti and the other martyrs whose renown lives on while their judges are forgotten. But by all present indications the defendants will hang. They are getting a long and "fair" trial, but in South Africa sabotage is a capital crime, and there is no doubt of the defendants' guilt—they admit it. As Mandela says, fifty years of effort to achieve a nonracial state by nonviolence had brought the African people nothing but more repressive legislation, and fewer rights. Sabotage and guerrilla warfare held out the prospect of the least loss of life to both sides. It was the alternative to uncontrolled terrorism.

The Afrikaner Nationalists are perfectly ready to hang anyone who opposes their dictates; they have no more compunctions than the Nazis had in dealing with the European Jews. These racists are now approaching the point of no return. If they execute their victims, they will ultimately be overrun by the Negro nations of Africa; the continent will be bathed in blood. World War III might have its inception in Africa; the Chinese Communists think so. By resisting the Afrikaners, the outside world might be saving them from themselves and saving the rest of mankind — but as yet there is little outside resistance.

The UN Apartheid Committee has been trying to make the world aware of the trial and its implications. Last fall the General Assembly voted 106-1 to condemn South Africa, but subsequently there has been scant interest. On March 11 of this year, Mary Benson, a white writer exiled from South Africa, made an eloquent plea; she was followed by Miriam Makeba and Oliver Tambo. All spoke to an almost empty gallery. Few Americans have even heard of the Rivonia trial. American newspapers and broadcasting will feature it only when the defendants are hanged.

American Negroes and their white friends have had considerable experience in combating generally milder forms of discrimination and persecution than those to which African Negroes are continually exposed. If a single day of the civil rights movement were devoted to exposing the Rivonia trial, there would be a chance of stopping the impending atrocity. It is time for Americans, white and black, to come to the aid of their African brothers. *The Nation* urges its readers to send telegrams to Secretary Rusk and their Congressmen, presenting their own views or quoting John Arnold, the Queen's Counsel who investigated the Rivonia trial for the International Commission of Jurists: "THE DANGER IS THAT THESE MEN WILL HANG, AND HANG THEY MUST NOT."

Too Little, Too Late—And Inept

The cigarette industry has been shown the handwriting on the wall and doesn't like what it sees. The Federal Trade Commission has proposed a government ruling that every cigarette package be required to carry a warning that cigarette smoking is dangerous to health. Even tougher regulations may lie ahead. The industry's remedy is a time-honored one: self-regulation by a code, which in this case governs not the product, but only its advertising. Most industry-written codes are phony, and the one cooked up by the cigarette industry's publicists and lawyers is no exception.

According to the provisions of the code, the industry agrees to do what it has been doing since last June — plus two additions. Celebrity endorsements are to be barred, together with unproved health claims. These stipulations are reasonably specific and by all indications the industry has decided to abide by them, but some of the other sections are disingenuous.

One such dodge is the disclaimer that the cigarette manufacturers wish to appeal to the young. Therefore

the models must be at least 25 years of age, and look it. Since when have men and women ceased to be attractive at 25, and since when have teen-agers regarded people of that age as squares, unworthy of imitation? And, while there shall be no suggestion that attractive appearance or good health is due to cigarette smoking, won't the naive teen-ager conclude that one can retain good looks and good health *in spite of smoking?*

A particularly objectionable maneuver of the cigarette manufacturers is the \$10 million grant by six firms to the American Medical Association for tobacco research. There have been charges that the AMA was lenient in its warnings against cigarette smoking in return for opposition by tobacco-state Congressmen to hospital care for the aged under Social Security. It would be more seemly for the AMA to refuse grants from an industry charged with promoting a health menace, and for the industry not to offer grants to the AMA or any other medical organization.

Actually the proposed labeling of cigarette packs would probably have little effect on sales to older people. Most of them cannot and will not stop. David Ogilvy, one of the country's leading advertising men (and a proof in his own person that enlightenment can be found even on Madison Avenue) will not allow his agency to accept cigarette accounts. "I wish the government would ask me to do a campaign on how to stop smoking, and maybe change to pipes," Ogilvy said on a WCBS-TV broadcast. If the psychological lore of the advertising industry could be applied in a campaign to prevent the young from *starting* to smoke, some real good might result.

Security with Liberty

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary at its May 9-16 convention in New York. "An unscrupulous contractor," wrote Jane Addams in 1910, "regards no basement as too dark, no stable loft too foul, no rear shanty too provisional, no tenement room too small for his workroom, as these conditions imply low rents." Some employers grew rich by hiring apprentices at no wages at all; the promise of pay after six or eight weeks of "training" evaporated at the end of the season.

The Amalgamated was the workers' answer to such cutthroat practices. And the way the Amalgamated answered them, under the early and shaping leadership of Sidney Hillman, built much of the basic structure of the labor movement as we know it today. The Amalgamated was the first American union to use an impartial chairman for settling industrial disputes (1914), the first to establish a research department (1919), the first to sponsor cooperative housing (1928). It pioneered employer-financed pensions, unemployment insurance and health-welfare benefits. The Amalgamated Banks in Chicago and New York were not the country's first labor banks, but they are the only ones that have lasted.

The Amalgamated offers the paradox of being at

once a notably militant and a notably peaceful union. Hillman's emphasis from the start was on negotiation, the conciliation of grievances and voluntary arbitration. The union brought standards to an anarchic industry, and today the Amalgamated label is for the public a warranty, not only that a garment was made by union hands, but that the hands were skilled.

Hillman was a lifelong advocate of labor political action, but it was out of his close association with Franklin D. Roosevelt and his experience as labor's chief emissary to the World War II production agencies that he fashioned an approach to politics later embodied in the CIO's Political Action Committee, forerunner of COPE.

The Amalgamated's once unique blend of social welfare and pragmatic business acumen is now characteristic of the larger part of America's trade unions. The clothing union's goal, Hillman once wrote, was "to give security to our members, security within the framework of liberty, of individual freedom." After fifty years, it still strives for that goal, not content that it has come closer than most human institutions to achieving its ideal.

The Spirochete Is Back

Every generation seems to need to learn the same lesson in regard to epidemic disease. Since man is such a delectable host, and disease organisms are tenacious — surviving even "eradication" programs — the *social conditions* favoring spread of disease must be kept constantly under control. Cholera and smallpox and plague lie dormant in Western culture. Only recently, a greedy innkeeper and a penurious local government combined to release a typhoid epidemic in Zermatt, Switzerland. Lately, public health agencies have become exercised by the growth of venereal disease, particularly in young people. Venereal disease, it will be recalled, was to be "wiped out" with the miracle drugs. But all sufferers were by no means treated, all organisms by no means destroyed. It was predictable that when social conditions favored, syphilis and gonorrhea would spread.

Until young people are better acquainted with the physiological facts of intercourse and reasonably knowledgeable about prevention of venereal disease, little can be done. More important, our archaic equation of sex and sin inhibits prompt reporting, favors hiding of symptoms and the associated shame. This is especially so in the case of homosexuals (in one city 57 per cent of the rise in venereal disease rates has been attributed to them).

Like poverty, venereal disease is not susceptible of easy, simple solution. Education of parents and children in sex physiology, wholesome social attitudes toward intercourse and homosexuality are basic. Easy access to diagnostic facilities is essential. In a word, what is needed is action aimed at the social roots of these diseases. And a little more activity from the public officials would be welcome. The hesitancy of municipal governments to undertake effective campaigns along these lines is inexcusable.

California's Primary Explosion

1. Unruh Bucks the Clubs Kimmis Hendrick

Los Angeles

This year California is going through easily the most mixed up pre-primary campaign in that state's modern history. On one side, Goldwater crowds cheer slogans like "No UN for US" or endorse an end to the graduated income tax. Governor Rockefeller, on the other hand, is both criticizing and praising the American Ambassador to Vietnam. Democrats, for their part, are waging a battle royal over which liberal should carry the progressive standard back to the U.S. Senate.

Here is the problem: California has achieved numerical pre-eminence without ever having paused to ask what bigness is for or what to do with it. Politics, that unfailing social barometer, seems likely to register at the primaries on June 2 a tremendous, continuing indecision. Since California, for all its exaggerations, remains part and parcel of the nation, this likelihood bears watching.

Democrats and Republicans both support this possibility, but for illustrating the split in party images, the Republican dilemma is the more interesting. Two years ago, Thomas H. Kuchel was returned to the Senate by one of the biggest votes ever given a Republican in a state election. Richard M. Nixon was defeated in his effort to oust Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, so this made Kuchel, at least in the regular political tradition, the California party leader. Anyway, he was unquestionably its biggest asset.

So when Senator Kuchel came home to head a Rockefeller-for-President campaign, his influence might well have been a strong unifying force. It was not. The organization favorite, by all odds, was Senator Barry Goldwater. In the eyes of numerous key Republicans, Senator Kuchel was "really a Democrat." Like Earl Warren who originally appointed him, and who was himself elected governor three times, Senator Kuchel was guilty of attracting Democratic votes. They

come in handy in the biggest state, where there are three registered Democrats for every two Republicans, but lots of Republican leaders want candidates whom only Republicans would vote for.

A draft-Lodge movement suggests—and the polls confirm it—that the United States Ambassador to Vietnam could be a California party primary winner. But Henry Cabot Lodge, for reasons of his own, never chose to enter the California race, and write-ins are physically impossible on the California ballot. Harold E. Stassen was unable to qualify, and the choice for Republicans lies between Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater.

They may, by present indications, emerge just about even. The significant thing about the Goldwater-Rockefeller race is that there remains a powerful segment of the Republican party that isn't taking the conservative grab for power lying down. Men like Laughlin E. Waters, U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles throughout the Eisenhower administration, and Edward S. Shattuck, former Republican National Committeeman, are determined that the party not become an extremist front. And the voting history of California—as witness Senator Kuchel, not to mention the Chief Justice—backs them up.

But California is not what it used to be. It is not what it was just 60 seconds ago. It gains population at the rate of sixty people every minute. It has 18 million people now and will have 30 million by 1980. And it is a state continually in transit. Every other person owns a car, a fourth of the established population moves as often as once a year, in hundreds of classrooms the pupil turnover exceeds 100 per cent every semester.

If the state had a history of professional political organization, these conditions would mean simply that the chief men in the wards would be busier than bees. They would be lining up the party faithful with a vigor and velocity equal to the task. But California, since Hiram Johnson, has never had anything of the kind. Instead, it has

produced a notable brand of non-professional, grass-roots volunteerism in both parties. Presumably the vacuum caused by constant change is the main reason. But so is the attitude congenial to a new society—pragmatic rather than dogmatic, and highly conditioned by feelings of enterprise and opportunity. Governor Warren set the tempo for political success when he defined Republicanism as a working appeal to moderates in both parties.

Now, though, there comes along a man who contends the time has come to approach California mobility in a new way. He is a Democrat, the Speaker of the state Assembly, and the man to watch in this year's California contest. He figures, not as candidate, but as caller of the tune. His name, now known across the country, is Jesse M. Unruh.

It is exceptional for a state assemblyman to have a national reputation. But Mr. Unruh is exceptional in several ways. He strikes some people as uncouth, but Yale University invited him to deliver the Chubb Fellowship lectures on politics in 1962. Other men so honored include C. P. Snow, Barry Goldwater, Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Unruh has been an assemblyman for only ten years, but it was he who had California's welcome in the White House during the Kennedy administration.

Mr. Unruh is building a tough, powerful political machine for the Democratic Party, one which will move with unswerving certainty through all uncertainties to any desirable goal. Mr. Unruh gives no evidence that he intends to let the machine become corrupt in the Lincoln Steffens sense; he intends it to be efficient.

This ranges him squarely against the California Democratic Council. That organization, with 70,000 dues-paying members, sprang from the grass roots a few years back and blossomed into power by backing Pat Brown. California had had only one Democratic governor until the CDC helped elect—and re-elect—the incumbent. Other factors may

Kimmis Hendrick is chief of the Western Bureau of The Christian Science Monitor.

explain Governor Brown's success—his own predilection for Warren nonpartisanship, the kind of opposition he got from such Republicans as former Senator William F. Knowland, and so on—but nobody begrudges CDC major credit.

But what happens to a volunteer organization as it grows older? All too often, it becomes preoccupied with small differences. And because the CDC has always been idealistic, dominated by young lawyers and college professors and pretty matrons with civic consciences, it has split over problems of expediency. In the Kennedy-Nixon campaign, for instance, it could not bear to employ paid precinct workers. But Mr. Unruh could, and used a party fund to pay them.

This time Mr. Unruh has taken on the CDC by backing a candidate for the Senate who cannot vote in the upcoming election, but who just might win it. His man, of course, is Pierre Salinger, a former Californian who became White House press secretary to former President Kennedy. Mr. Salinger had to go to court in order to get on the California ballot, but the fact that he did so, with attendant publicity, and this at the last minute, flung him into intense and profitable prominence.

Back of this lay, as often happens in California politics, a decision vacuum. Senator Clair Engle, originally elected six years ago with almost solid Democratic support, had been ill, and his convalescence left grave doubts of his capacity to campaign. (He subsequently withdrew, but so late that his name will remain on the ballot.) When the CDC held its endorsement convention at Long Beach early in the year, it looked almost certain that Democrats would have to back some alternate. And since they always feel strangely uneasy about picking anyone in an open primary, those who belonged to CDC and those who did not seemed to think that what the convention decided would settle the question.

It picked State Controller Alan Cranston to run for Senator. It turned down Congressman James Roosevelt. As a founder of CDC, Mr. Cranston was widely known to Democrats as articulate, dedicated, idealistic, in the finest volunteer tradition. Governor Brown was backing him, the CDC was backing

him, and everything seemed unified.

Suddenly, the story goes, Attorney General Stanley Mosk offered Mr. Salinger the informal opinion that California election law would permit his candidacy. Mr. Unruh indicated that it would be a good thing. Democrats must now decide in the primary between two liberals, both vigorously supporting President Johnson.

To the CDC majority and to Mr. Cranston, the issue is the continuance of popular control of the party. He calls the race "another climax in the unending struggle to preserve the character, strength and security of the Democratic Party in California." By this, as everybody who knows him well will surely agree, Mr. Cranston means a party committed to strong federal-state teamwork in dealing with problems of growth. He means rallying public

support for sophisticated government approaches to complex social problems. He also means anti-Unruhism.

Whether this reliance on grassroots politicking is equal to the present complexities of California is really the question Mr. Salinger is raising, with Mr. Unruh back of him. Mr. Salinger is no slogan-thrower. He has entered the campaign talking earnestly to thoughtful crowds. He speaks against extremism: "What they want is to deepen the split of the American people along the lines of color and race." His attractive personality, his experience in the Kennedy administration, his sudden appearance in a California that loves the spectacular, all make him formidable. However, Senator Engle's eleventh-hour withdrawal will improve Mr. Cranston's prospects, even though



Pierre Salinger

a number of less alert voters can be counted on to check the Engle line on the ballot.

Democrats in the biggest state have one advantage over Republicans when it comes to party differences. Their quarrels are not, this year at least, on issues. The Republican candidates for the Senate race are split along ideological lines. There are three of them: movie actor and master of ceremonies George Murphy, San Francisco industrialist Leland M. Kaiser, and former Governor of Kansas Fred Hall. At the moment it looks as though Mr. Murphy can get the nomination.

It is significant of Republican tensions that George Christopher,

recently Mayor of San Francisco, chose to stay out of the Senate race. In the old days, when moderation meant victory, he could have been the most popular available contender. Mr. Murphy supported the Eisenhower administration, but is now described as rightist; Mr. Kaiser was one of the chief promoters of the Goldwater candidacy. Mr. Hall has entered, he says, to give the moderates a voice, but he had little success in this direction when he headed the California Republican Assembly. California's volunteer Republican organizations, prominent among them the Assembly and the Young Republicans, have always been conservative; but they have also been pragmatic, with

an enthusiasm for winning. Now their enthusiasm is for ideology.

It is a long way from pre-primary rallies in this state to next November. Any Republican Presidential candidate must work hard for the California vote. He must think in terms of a Republican minority strengthened by a big slab of Democratic votes. He must hope for Mexican-American support. He must hope for Negro support. He must hope for the support of thousands of voters who might wish he were all-out for this or all-out against that but will settle for him in the long run because he seems sensible, personable and safe. At least, this is the California tradition; maybe it has changed.

2. Putsch in the GOP Donovan Bess

San Francisco

William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* holds that the evil in man can and will rule the tribe whenever mature, civilized men leave the scene. That is just what has happened in strategic jurisdictions of California's Republican Party. Most of the more competent and rational leaders are too busy making money or being "diplomatic" to deal properly with party business as it is conducted in the jet age.

When you are confronted by men and women with a pathological lust for power, and time on their hands, you have to *stay on the scene*. You also have to arrange to outnumber them: they are quite ready to bully you into bone-weariness and to punish you with commando-like tactics that would never occur to your own civilized mind. Their *Mein Kampf* program already has badly decayed the cellular structure of California's Republican apparatus. If you disbelieve that, think a moment of the radical step taken by Joseph Martin, Jr., who resigned last February as California's male member of the National Committee "to do my part to prevent the Republican Party from becoming a branch of the John Birch Society." This soft-speaking and amiable San Francisco lawyer would have been the host at the Republican National Conven-

tion next July if he had kept his committee position. He gave up some personal satisfaction and glory by resigning.

Martin has documented some ugly facts and shares them vigorously with his reluctant colleagues. If Goldwater wins the June 2 California primary, he has warned, "the voice of the party will be the voice of the Birchers and the Minutemen." Martin's courageous resignation, to join the Rockefeller drive, was intended to be shock treatment for Republicans, who have preferred to play ostrich—along with California's Democratic Attorney General, Stanley Mosk, who tried to shoo away the Birchers by calling them "little old ladies in tennis shoes." Those tennis shoes have spikes.

The proper study of politics, in California, is religion. The lunatic fringe is cut in the same style, whether it hangs on a political or a religious forehead. The gleam in the eye of the Robert Welch follower is just as far from reason as that in the eye of the Great I Am cultist. Southern California for some decades has led the nation in the output of kooks—persons who have failed to steer their personalities safely through the difficulties of our time, who usually are retired, and who ceaselessly quest for Something that would give their lives significance. Their souls are no longer safely meshed into the organized and traditional religions, so they

have a surplus of emotion. A social problem develops when this surplus is applied to politics; then their sense of having a divine mission and a monopoly on the truth can lend strength to movements like the Anti-Communist Christian Crusade.

When these spiritually disposed persons are intelligent, their right-wing fanaticism becomes cold-eyed, efficient and intricate. Their techniques are as outlined in the John Birch Society take-over manual which, in turn, is modeled on the classic Communist lines used in the 1930s to expropriate trade unions and innocent clubs.

In California, the Goldwater-Liberty Amendment-Bircher axis has been so successful lately that some Republican leaders doubt that the State Central Committee can be defended from it. The right-wing extremists prowl for the soft spots—then drive in with a blitz that stuns or paralyzes the democratic enemy. Their biggest success thus far came at Fresno on March 15, when they took possession of the California Republican Assembly, whose 10,000 influential members make up the party's major volunteer organization in the state. The seizure was accomplished through a battle plan drawn up a year earlier, after the ultra-conservatives were defeated at the annual CRA convention in Disneyland. Through the year, they built up voting strength for the Fresno convention by infiltrating or commandeering local assemblies. A

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favorite method was to fragment a seized local into smaller assemblies, thereby picking up extra votes, since each assembly is allowed a separate unit vote in addition to proportional representation.

"This ultra-right group organized storm troopers to destroy the very freedoms they speak of protecting," complained Joseph McCord, program director of the Alameda County Heart Association, after he was deposed as president of the Oakland Republican Assembly and expelled from its membership by strangers who seized the organization last February and pledged its eighteen votes to Goldwater at the Fresno convention. The invaders at Oakland employed a now-familiar tactic: incessant motions from the floor on petty parliamentary points, to drag out the meeting, yelling and commotion to break down law, order and human nervous systems.

By the time the state convention opened on March 13 in the arch-shaped, modernistic auditorium in the Hacienda Motel in Fresno, the meeting was packed with devout right-wingers. Their major activity for three days was to annoy, exhaust and exasperate the Nice Guys to the point where they hardly knew or cared that some delegates were voting illegally and that the by-laws were violated. The endorsement of Goldwater and the election of a right-wing slate were easily achieved. "It was a planned program for confusion," said William J. Nelligan, the 52-year-old 1963 assembly president. "It was a rule-or-ruin performance." When it was all over, at 4:30 A.M. on Monday morning, the CRA resembled a respectable club whose members have suddenly found that all their fine old leather chairs have been occupied by pig-eyed, gum-chewing, tough-talking hoodlums.

Nelligan is a telephone company technician and a member of the Communications Workers of America union. He knows the history of organizations which, two decades ago, tried to make use of the Communists—to discover one day that the union had been foreclosed by the "helpful" minority. After the coup in Fresno, Nelligan had a word for the Republican Party's state leadership: "Pantywaists."

The right-wingers, after their 1963 defeat at Disneyland (273 to 212) cast their hungry eyes on the substructure of the CRA: the un-

derattended and sleepy clubs that were so potentially dynamic—and were sprawled over the largest state in the union in a way that was irresistible to political burglars.

The ultra-conservative conspirators had done beautifully in the Republican assemblies of Southern California, especially in Orange and San Diego counties, and in the Castrophobic suburbs of Los Angeles. But they were weak in the San Francisco Bay Area, a community that is blighted with institutions of higher learning and wakeful liberal groups. (Young Republican extremists have nicknamed the tolerant *San Francisco Chronicle* "the Pravda of the West.") The conspirators moved into the Bay Area last fall to nail down Goldwater votes for the Fresno convention.

Robert Ellsworth, a 29-year-old attorney who was president of the Berkeley Republican Assembly, tells the dreary story of the take-over there: "At my first meeting as president, on January 20, in walked fifty or sixty individuals who were issued membership cards, although they had never made any applications [in accordance with the by-laws]. They just plunked down cash and got the cards. Because it was a rainy night, we had only about ten members there. We were pretty surprised to see all those new faces."

These recruits, Ellsworth said, had been told that all they had to do to join was to call Mrs. Stanley Kendall, the very conservative wife of a Berkeley attorney. This information later was broadcast on the floor of the Fresno convention by a pro-Rockefeller delegate, Si Siedensticker, who presented an affidavit from a housewife who said that an Oakland woman called her on January 20 and urged her to "go to the meeting of the Berkeley Republican Assembly that night in order to keep the assembly from being taken over by liberals and Communists. . . . She said all I'd have to do in order to vote was call Mrs. Stanley Kendall. . . ."

Ellsworth said the invading battalion of new members showed up again at the assembly meeting of January 30, which happened to be the date for selecting the delegation to the State convention.

All the new people voted right down the line for their own slate. They just formed their own society, and they seated an eight-member delegation in Fresno. A lot of them

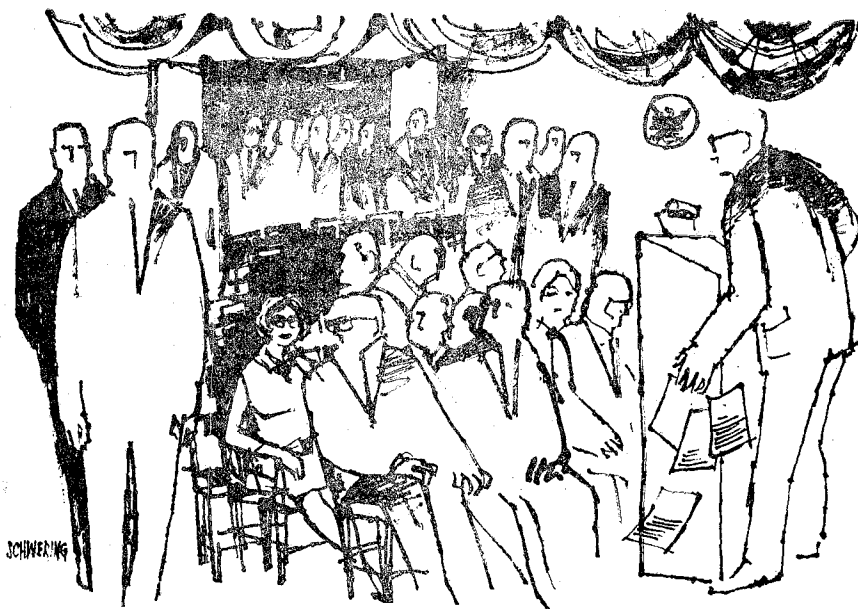
were also members in the Oakland and West Berkeley Republican Assemblies.

Most of these right-wing people are retired persons. They are people who have the time to stay on the phone and talk with you for an hour. I can't give that much time, even though I certainly care very much about the future of the Republican Party. These are people who are well financed. They are people who want their way or they'll pick up the football and go home. Now they have got people running for every county central committee. They will get ahead — because they keep going to meetings and harassing and disrupting so much that the others get tired of it and go home. . . .

Other strategists in the pro-Goldwater alliance, meanwhile, worked over the 200-member Oakland Republican Assembly, which had been behaving more like a ladies' whist club than an important volunteer unit in a powerful political party. The right-wingers on December 3 popped twenty new members onto the scene—but too late to be eligible to vote for the officers. Undiscouraged, the strangers picked December 10 for the *Putsch*. That was the Christmas Party meeting, and the spirit of it was reflected in the mimeographed announcement from the hard-working president, Bernice Wilson, a retired schoolteacher. "Bring the tie from Aunt Hepsibah that clashes with your eyes, or the White Elephant from Dearie," she implored. As though in afterthought, Mrs. Wilson mentioned that the officers for 1964 would be elected and, she asserted, the nominating committee's slate "will make you proud of your organization."

In the minutes of that meeting, the secretary, Valerie Evans, recorded what happened to these jolly plans. "It being a combination business and Christmas social get-together," she wrote, "not many of the regular workers were present; however, a large number of new members were on hand." They were interested less in conviviality than in voting; although, according to the bylaws, they could have cast no ballots until January 3. With the help of a powerful adviser, Cyril Stevenson, Jr., a right-wing Berkeley realtor, they inveigled their way into voting.

"I had left the records home," said Joseph McCord, who was at the time the assembly's membership chairman. "This was just supposed



to be a party." In the minutes of a later meeting, the regular membership was recorded as finding that the eighteen newcomers had "rigged" the election and achieved "a pre-planned take-over." McCord had come out on top as the new president, but the raiding Goldwater fans had filled the rest of the slate with their semi-pro's.

"On January 9," said McCord, "they installed themselves as officers and appointed new committees." This rump action flouted an order from Nelligan, as state president, that invalidated the election. On January 14, Mrs. Wilson called a meeting in the Holiday Room of the Leamington Hotel in Oakland to take up ratification of the election. McCord reported:

They [the raiders] met separately upstairs, and at about 8:15 the doors of our room literally were crashed open and about a hundred of them came in.

They knocked down one of our men and swarmed to the right and the left just like water filling a bowl. Then they began making parliamentary moves constantly. It took two hours to get the minutes approved. There were about 160 of us when it started and 125, altogether, on their side. They just wore us down. Their motion to validate the election didn't come to a vote until 1 A.M. Many of our people kept going home. They had good discipline — they held their people there.

By 1 A.M. I doubt if we had 45 of our people left in the room.

On January 23 Herb Brown [the raiders' leader] called a meeting and vacated the president's office, allegedly for "failure to provide leadership." They went to the Wells-

Fargo Bank in Oakland and took over our funds, \$534.56. At the time I had a position with the Alameda County Heart Association. Phone calls kept coming in there slandering me, calling me a crook.

On February 11, McCord returned to the Holiday Room and presided over the ruins of the assembly as disputed president-elect. He had a hired private policeman on hand at the door. He said 132 persons were present, fifty-two of them complete strangers. After the pledge to the flag and the singing of the national anthem, he reported, stomping, clapping and catcalling continued for 25 minutes without ceasing. Four Oakland policemen responded to an SOS from McCord, but refused to make arrests without a signed complaint. McCord decided against doing anything so ungentlemanly — and, he concedes, "That was a mistake, I see that now." At 9:30 P.M. the regular, moderate membership walked out and left Brown in command. Of the eighty-four men and women left in the room, eighty-one voted to expel McCord. His defeat handed the Oakland assembly's eighteen-member delegation to the Goldwater forces at the Fresno convention.

Protests against this type of mob rule were made with vigor and dignity by some of the main-line Republicans at Fresno. Richard Frisbie, chairman of the bylaws committee, spoke on the floor against ejecting local officers "illegally in an illegal meeting" and displacing "dedicated, hard-working people . . . that I have worked with for eight years." When the Gold-

water axis flouted the state bylaws to insure getting their convention slate in, an impeccably honorable Republican leader, Edward Shattuck, rose to complain that attorney Gardiner Johnson had threatened to have the delegates stay in the hall "a week or two weeks if necessary in order for his view to prevail, even though it is in violation of the bylaws as ruled by the constituted authority of this organization." Gentle-mannered A. Ronald Button, a former state treasurer and National Committeeman, took the floor to add to the discreet lament. Later, in reporting the details of the take-over at the sedate California Club in Los Angeles, Button emphasized that the people who seized power at Fresno were strangers.

That is the heart of the matter. Outsiders, nobodies, are taking over the firm, using its famous trade-marks and milking its expensive reputation. A major figure at the Fresno convention was a talented man named Jack Schall, who stood in the semicircular auditorium and, in the words of Nelligan, "played the Goldwater delegates the way Leonard Bernstein conducts a symphony." Button, from his seat on the stage, observed Schall holding his palm upward to get the right-wingers to scream loudly enough to defeat the chairman — or holding his palm downward to obtain the silence in which to cradle the voices of the extreme Right. The transcript reveals Schall to be a gifted parliamentary general. Who is he? Where did he come from? President Nelligan said: "I never heard of this guy before. They say he is a lawyer in Pacific Beach [San Diego County]."

Nelligan, however, had heard more about some of the other blitz leaders: for example Ronald Rankin, a disciple of John H. Rousselot, the Birch Society leader in California, and Nolan Frizzelle, the 42-year-old Newport Beach optometrist who was elected CRA president for 1964. "When we won the election at Disneyland a year ago," Nelligan said, "Rankin and Dr. Frizzelle told me, 'We're going to take over next year.'"

Nelligan became so nerve-worn on the third day of the Fresno convention that he shouted to the delegates, "I'm fed up." It had been a wearying three days. At the outset, he reports, the Goldwater gang created so much confusion "the books were not in order." He told

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the delegates, "My files have been removed by someone." The confuse-and-rule crowd muscled voters into the section reserved for delegates.

On March 14, a Rockefeller delegate, Blaine Pettit, told the delegates: "The Credential Committee reports that as of the latest tally there were 569 authorized delegates who have registered to vote. Yesterday there were in excess of 600 votes cast." Nelligan said:

I know that one woman voted four times. In some cases, outsiders voted in the place of accredited delegates. They had four or five of their men surrounding the microphone all the time, keeping others away. Gardiner Johnson stood there with the mike between his feet. Every time I turned the mike off (to try to enforce the floor rules) there was so much screaming and pandemonium I had to turn it back on again.

I had four uniformed special policemen in there. That's the first time this had to be done in the California Republican Assembly.

You couldn't get away from them [the ultras]. They'd walk up and stand beside you whenever you were in conversation. They had a guy by the elevator to observe people going in and out of the rooms.

I would like to know why they took reservations months ahead of time for Sunday night. The convention was set to end Sunday. I say they had planned on that stall. They had these dedicated diehards coming up by the busload from Orange County and the "Deep South." Do you know that when I left the convention at 4:30 A.M. on Monday morning there were over 300 of them in there (waiting to hear the announcement of their slate's victory)? All 300 of them were from the "Deep South."

I predict that if Goldwater wins a sizable majority in the primary,

the Liberty Amendment group will take that as a mandate from the voters to lead the party.

On April 17, Nelligan received a letter from Governor Nelson Rockefeller. It declared that the CRA meeting showed that "sinister forces are at work to take over the whole Republican apparatus in California."

The ultras now have candidates in fifteen Congressional races, five state Senate districts, and thirty-eight state Assembly races. Their objective is thus to get more seats in the State Central Committee—whose chairman, Caspar Weinberger, is given to indulging in daydreams of party unity. In a recent excursion into this see-no-evil land, Weinberger declared that Goldwater is not a right-wing extremist.

"I think," said Nelligan, "that he plays into the extremist hands by trying to smooth things over."

Mexico Resists the Pill Arthur F. Corwin

Now that the pill is here, are the leaders of people-pressed countries willing to employ birth control? The answer is an encouraging *yes* for India, Pakistan, Egypt, Japan, Poland, Puerto Rico, China and several other developing nations. With minor exceptions, Latin America has ignored or resisted population control, despite the fact that Latin America, and especially its native Indo-American elements, has the highest rate of population increase of the world's major cultural areas. The approximate number of births reported annually for each 1,000 inhabitants of selected countries makes the point: Switzerland 12, the United States, Uruguay and Argentina 26, India and China 33, Chile 34, Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia, Paraguay, Panama, Ecuador, El Salvador, Brazil and Mexico 46 or higher, Costa Rica and Guatemala 50 or higher. In an effort to understand Latin American attitudes toward birth control, a group in which I participated made an exploratory study of public attitudes toward poverty and population planning in Mexico. We chose Mexico

as being perhaps the most progressive country in Indo-Latin America.

The attitudes of contemporary Mexican society are doubly interesting. The country has passed through a social upheaval that cleared the ground, so to speak, for the emergence of the mestizo (mixed-bloods), just as the Cuban Revolution and the ferment in Brazil seem to be opening the way for a mulatto social order. Other Latin American countries are perhaps on the verge of similar social revolutions, Colombia or Peru, for example. In any case, where the mestizo mentality comes to the fore as in Mexico, what kind of mentality is it? What are its psychic wants? Is it primarily interested in an equitable socioeconomic order, or in building national power?

Preventive medicine has produced striking results in Mexico. In the first sixty years of this century the population has nearly tripled to 34.9 million [1960 census]. The outlook for 1980 is 60-65 million, but Mexico has not yet made any public attempt to define a policy of population control. This passive attitude is even more interesting when one considers that the Mexican Government puts its greatest hopes in a planned economy and a planned society. One might ex-

pect that middle-class groups, wherein one finds the majority of planners, politicians and professional men, would to some degree be disturbed by population pressure as a threat to national goals. Paradoxically, as one Mexican demographer humorously observed: "In all other matters we are planners, but in matters of population we are still *laissez faire*."

This does not mean that Mexican leaders close their eyes to problems aggravated by population pressures. A casual reading of the press of the past few years shows that an increasing concern, bordering on alarm, is being expressed about persistent poverty and population growth. Industrial and educational leaders, planners and economists make frequent references to a menacing demographic boom that cancels educational and economic gains, threatens social stability, encourages political unrest, aggravates land and job hunger, and leaves, in the words of a university professor, nearly half the population in subhuman conditions of poverty and illiteracy. Yet apparently no national leaders would dare go so far as to suggest population control as one method of meeting the problem. On the contrary, there is a clear consensus among the leaders that

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population planning is an unnecessary, impossible, immoral or cowardly measure.

Recently the popular Mexican magazine *Mañana* asked six prominent men what they thought of *control de natalidad* for Mexico. All admitted the problem of mass poverty, but only the philosopher, Romano Muñoz, favored reducing birth rates, especially among the poorer classes. The other five offered a battery of emotion-charged arguments. For example, Gilberto Loyo, Mexico's most noted demographer and a leading opponent of population control, insists that a birth-control campaign undertaken by the public or private sector would inevitably fail because of the nature of Mexican society. True, Mexico has serious problems; "but it must not guide its progress by the alarmist voice: less children so that the people can live better. It is not a question of less children but more production and less injustice."

The economist, Fernando Zamora, said that until 1980 (when he thinks birth control might be more urgent), the solution is to increase investments, "and thus not control births, but hunger." The agronomist, Emilio Gutiérrez Roland, believes that "we have many things we can do before resorting to extreme measures." The sociologist, Juan Perez Abreu, discussed the question vaguely, but did say definitely that "the thesis of Malthus . . . is scientifically false." The leader of Catholic Action, Ignacio Martín del Campo, said that the average Mexican, in spite of secular defects, was not cowardly: "He gives life and transmits faith with generosity. Birth control would make us a petty people, without faith in God, or in ourselves."

City dwellers tend to be less prolific than rural populations, but Mexico's leading demographers expect no appreciable fall in the birth rate from urbanization—at least in this century. According to the 1960 census, 51 per cent of the population now live in cities or urban areas. Why, then, isn't urbanization doing more to discourage large families? One suspects that urbanization in Mexico, as in other underdeveloped countries, is a mere statistic, and that folk conditions of life prevail in the underdeveloped "rural city." Speaking of slum concentration, Javier Romero, Secre-

tary of the National Housing Institute, recently said that of the 5,259,000 houses in the republic, 60 per cent have only one room, "which means that the greater part of these housing units shelter an average family of six members in conditions of the most complete promiscuity."

Do the leaders of Mexico who today oppose population control speak frankly, or are they afraid of government or public reaction to a "delicate subject," or do they reflect a national feeling that looks with favor on the population boom?

One fact confirmed by our study is that the culture esteems big families. And not merely among the poor, where additional hands are appreciated. Families are nearly as large in the middle and upper classes. Typical middle-class replies: "It is good to have many because some may turn out bad, or some may die." "The ninth one turned out the best." Family, if we were to believe our informants, has all the science of the national lottery. You can influence desirable results if you buy more numbers. To maintain a large, flourishing household of family and servants appears to be, in spite of the views of modern sociologists, a goal of Latin American social climbers. In Mexico, according to informants, a large family is for all classes not merely a trusted mutual-aid society, whereby even the upper class control industrial empires through extended kinship, but the supreme cultural and religious value.

It is quite evident that in industrial Mexico new productive techniques are making subtle changes

in social values, but it is equally evident that imported science and technology are in the main servants of such values, making the old ways easier to maintain. Also, the more noticeably "alien technology" and "materialism" invade such industrial cities as Monterrey, the more the culture instinctively rises to defend the "inner spiritual core" of the Mexican way of life, including the sacred symbols of fertility.

Our study found that two very important ingredients in the national ethos were the cult of motherhood and mestizo nationalism. In Mexico mothers are surrounded by an emotional veneration second only to that of the Virgin Mother herself. A cult of motherhood flourishes in all of Latin America, but perhaps most strongly in Indo-America. It permeates even the ministries of the Mexican Revolutionary government, for the cult is defined more by the literate males of the middle and upper classes—the interpreters of the Mexican way of life—to whom the masses must look for leadership, instruction and social example.

Nothing better illustrates the motherhood cult than Mother's Day itself, when in a cathartic gush of emotional fervor the entire society seems to lift its eyes beyond the sad, proletarian image of helpless maternity to the mystical image of the Virgin Mother, pure and undefiled, unselfish and disinterested. The newspapers are filled with passionate tributes. Typically, the Ministry of Education requires school children to write thirty words on



A. Beltran: *Tiempo*

"Topic of the Day: Population Growth"

The NATION

the "luminous eyes of the saintly woman who brought us into the world." And they are the eyes of a mestizo mother. Manuel Gamio, Mexican anthropologist and ideologist of the Mexican Revolution, has prophesied: "If Mexico becomes a great nation it will be due to many causes, but the principal one will be the strong, resistant and virile race that is being molded today by the ideal [mestizo] woman."

Since approximately half of all births in Indo-America are illegitimate, one notes with interest the observation of Mexican psychoanalysts that the "devalued Indian mother" of the *clase popular* (more than 70 per cent of the population) finds psychic compensation in her devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe, significantly the dark-skinned Virgin of the poor, Patroness of the Americas and symbol of Mexican nationality; or the Virgin of Sorrows (*Virgen de Dolores*).

In view of the foregoing one can better understand, perhaps, why there is no feminist movement among the *mujeres sufridas*, as women are commonly called, in this half-century of Mexico's social revolution. Occasionally there is a dissenter. Commenting on the custom of giving in the elementary school the Mother's Day award to the most prolific mother, Dr. Madrigal Llorente exclaims in his book on child care: "How it pains me to see these *madres prolificas* receive awards, when the real heroine is often a woman like a schoolteacher who has no children at all." And the author of a study on the Mexican family, Elvira Bermúdez, says that the Mexican Revolution has not yet succeeded in sweeping away the tradition-weighted obstacles to feminine emancipation.

As to attitudes of the men who speak for revolutionary Mexico — men who are said to leave religion to women — we must look beyond the religious mystique to the "national image." Here one can readily think of any number of general considerations about modern nationalism and the desire for identity with national power and industrial prosperity—masculine considerations—that bear on population attitudes in nearly all societies. But our findings indicate that if we are really to understand why many of the planners of modern Mexico look with favor on Mexico's "population explosion," and seem emotionally opposed to

any control plan, we must take into account the deep roots of a traumatic racial history.

Perhaps no country is more hypersensitive about race and racial aggrandizement than Mexico. In spite of progress in many directions, it is still struggling to define a certain racial personality: the fusion of the Indian and the European. In such countries as Mexico and Peru one often hears the self-conscious nationalist cry, "The future belongs to the mestizos!" It is probably true that Indo-Latin America is evolving in this direction, yet the mestizo mentality is shot through with frustrations arising from a complex of racial and cultural inferiority that dates from the Conquest. It seems that no other non-European cultural area—Japan or India, for example — was as violated as Indo-Afro-America by European conquest and exploitation. Today the mestizo has yet to achieve a sense of national security, power and dignity; has yet to triumph as a cultural or racial force in the world.

According to some analysts, mestizo nationalism insists on identification with the devalued indigenous symbolism. Yet, ironically, mestizo nationalism must, in order to triumph, assimilate the alien techniques and organization of the "Spanish Conqueror," or the "American imperialist." The progressive mestizo must inevitably abandon his native birthright and come to live in an alien world that he can only imitate and not dominate. As the Mexican poet and diplomat Octavio Paz suggests in his *Labyrinth of Solitude*, the mestizo mentality finds itself in a no man's land, culturally rootless and insecure, somewhere between the lost "Indian world" and the critical X-ray eyes of the "European masters." Since the Mexican Revolution—an equalitarian Indo-mestizo revolution from the racial point of view—this deep sense of insecurity seems to express itself in the national consciousness as a compulsive urge to grow: Mestizo Mexico is at last on the march!

It seemed that our Mexican informants were saying between the lines: Mexico was once weak, divided and helpless, her native people dominated by alien conquerors (the Spanish Conquest), and she was underpopulated, her lands were taken by foreign invaders (Texas, for example). But now Mexico is

growing. There is strength in numbers. True, numbers bring problems, but we are forging these numbers into a great nation.

Undoubtedly, Mexico's self-projected image of a revolutionary rebirth has a powerful influence on such attitudes toward population and national aggrandizement. The people do not see themselves as an old people tilling the tired soil from prehistoric times, but as essentially a young nation. Our questionnaires brought out such responses as, "We are still young." . . . "We are just beginning." . . . "We have a brilliant future." The revolution of 1910 has indeed raised the mestizo and Indian masses to a consciousness of the nation and, meanwhile, industrial and agricultural progress have added to the impression of a new birth. "We are building a nation" (*estamos forjando patria*) is one of the phrases commonly employed by politicians and planners.

Given this ethos of mestizo nationalism, one better understands why the planners view the population boom as an exciting national stimulus, and why many in their need to justify the compulsive urge for national growth and power in the face of mass poverty offer the Marxist explanation that the causes of poverty are not found in the personal conduct of the individual or race, but within the exploitive or imperialist socio-economic structure that has conditioned such conduct.

The replies of our informants confirmed what was predictable beforehand. Religion strongly conditions Mexican attitudes toward poverty and population. But viewed within the whole complex of Indo-Hispanic culture and poverty, the Church influence per se is merely one important factor among several. Actually the mestizo nationalism of the literate male, more than the religion of the passive female, appears to insist on the population stimulus—even though millions of the poor are not yet integrated into the national economy or patrimony.

What emerges is the distinct impression that any public plan of population control would encounter powerful emotional opposition from the emergent middle-class males, who, poorly informed about the objectives of population planning, would tend to interpret it as a threat to the Mexican way of life. On a rudimentary level, the ignorant

male of the *clase popular* tends to view family planning as a threat to the *macho's* physical needs and ego dominance. But since he is culturally less sensitive, he does not appear to be a formidable obstacle. Lower-class parents can be tutored in birth control without arousing deep cultural reactions. In this class, where abortion attempts are not uncommon, parents often express a pathetic interest in knowledge about the facts of effective family controls. According to our 230 informants, there is less objec-

tion to family planning for the poor, and not one informant, including four clerics, believed the Church-approved rhythm method would be effective in the lower classes. But any "foreign-inspired" program of social change, like an initially successful germ facing gathering antibodies, runs the imminent risk, as in Puerto Rico, of arousing the nascent "nationalist sensibilities" of the articulate classes, the watchdogs of national integrity, who may at any time make a political issue out of "racial castration."

Meanwhile, the revolutionary party that governs Mexico must hold to the assumption that the Revolution is a success. Population planning would smack of defeatism, and would be an admission that land distribution and social welfare remedies are no longer an adequate solution to the problem of "*injusticia social*." Of course, if the rabbit could be induced to stop running, perhaps the turtle could catch up. But will Indo-America's revolutionary planners prescribe or proscribe the pill?

British Elections

Gentlemen vs. Experts Robert Presthus

London
As the Conservative Government prepares for an early fall election, voters in Great Britain are reviewing the party's record during its thirteen years in power. Against that record are being set Labour Party claims that they can do anything better than the Conservatives. In a style more American than British, the election is shaping up as a contest between the personalities of the party leaders, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Harold Wilson. Both promise modernization and the question emerging is: Which man is better fitted to bring it about?

Meanwhile, political tradition demands that the parties campaign in terms of issues. In what some regard as a last-minute bid to overcome a rather unsatisfactory balance between starts and finishes, the Conservatives are launching several dramatic plans. As the stoutly conservative *London Times* puts it: "White papers and ministerial statements, one after another, dangle electoral carrots before the voters well into the 1970s and, significantly, most of them have been designed to out-carrot Labour policies." A vast economic development program for Scotland and other problem areas has been announced. The Prime Minister has affirmed his govern-

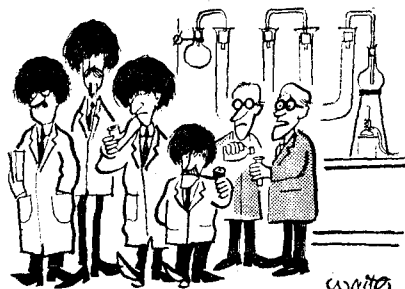
ment's commitment to an independent nuclear deterrent which will, he says, insure Britain's place among the great powers at the conference tables. The expansive Robbins Report, which would materially increase the number of university students, was speedily endorsed, and a new office of Secretary of State for Education created to carry through its recommendations.

Yet in education, as elsewhere, it seems that some cabinet leaders are ambivalent about such far-reaching changes. Sharing Kingsley Amis' view that "more means worse," they fear a wholesale decline in academic standards as the new universities compete for limited staff and research funds. Such shortages are a real problem, but it is probably not true and certainly not obvious that the quality of college students must inevitably fall as their numbers rise. England lags well behind most major nations in facilities for higher education, and is yet far from exhausting its supply of bright candidates. According to 1957 UNESCO figures it ranks as follows

in college students per million population: United States, 16,670; Russia, 10,060; Argentina, 7,100; France, 3,880; West Germany, 3,000; Great Britain, 1,815.

This tepid approach to meeting the need for highly trained men, especially in applied science, is particularly unfortunate in view of the technical revolution which both parties promise. One by-product of the present attitude is the so-called "brain-drain," whereby each year some 15 per cent of new British Ph.Ds, trained at an estimated cost of \$60,000 each, emigrate to the United States and the Commonwealth. Even established scholars are finding it hard to resist Yankee blandishments: during one black weekend in mid-February more than a dozen professors in physical and medical science announced their decision to emigrate. One quoted his new salary at £7,000 (about \$19,000), an income restricted in England to cabinet ministers and top corporation managers. Many scholars complain that neither the government nor the universities have provided a satisfactory research environment. Some support for this claim was revealed in testimony before a University Salaries Committee which has met in London throughout the year. Even though everyone knows that business and the flourishing advertising industry are siphoning off many college graduates who might become instructors, government officials faithfully opposed higher pay.

The Minister of Education, Quin-



Ben Roth Agency: London Daily Sketch
Off to the States

Robert Presthus, Cornell political scientist, is now studying political attitudes in England on a Social Science Research Council grant. His book *Men at the Top: A Study in Community Power* was published by Oxford University Press last month.

ton Hogg (recently Lord Hailsham), met questions in the Commons on this point with the reply that since the national income of the United States was eight times that of Britain, it was impossible for Her Majesty's Government to compete. The *New Statesman*, meanwhile, has some doubt about Mr. Hogg's ability to make an educational revolution: "No one in this country exudes so pungently the odour of the medieval academic mystique: no one flaunts so arrogantly the vocabulary and outlook of Oxbridge traditionalism."

This philosophy of an elite is not shared by young Conservative leaders. The actions of some "Young Turk" members of the cabinet have embarrassed the party and contributed to its appearance of being sharply divided on policy, particularly in the economic field. This schism first became obvious during the negotiations whereby Lord Home succeeded Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister. One of its results was the refusal of Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell to serve in the Home cabinet. Since then, both men have kept alive the issue of party disharmony by severe public criticism of Conservative policy.

The introduction of government legislation to end retail-price maintenance provides a current example of divergent policies. Firmly backed by Ministers Edward Heath and Reginald Maudling of the Board of Trade and the Treasury, the bill created havoc. Conservative backbenchers were deluged by protests from angry shopkeepers already being undercut by supermarkets, that new and very New World phenomenon. Some 167 amendments were proposed and after weeks of intra-party wrangling, an "honorable accommodation" was reached. A central issue was the "onus of proof" principle which provided that manufacturers using price-maintenance agreements be required to show that these were not against the public interest. Now the burden of proof will be shifted from the manufacturer to the Board of Trade. Such concessions indicate how difficult it is for a Conservative government, whose major support comes from business, to modernize traditional quasi-competitive British trade practices. It is well known that both the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary Butler are lukewarm about this legislation.

The problem of retaining the allegiance of its tradition-minded, small-business supporters who look on competition and nationalization as twin evils, and at the same time appealing to the professional classes and the consumer, who have the most to gain from a modernized Britain, makes the Conservative Party's task difficult. The reluctance of its senior leaders to accept change, essentially along American lines, aggravates the party's present discomfort. Its aura of the grouse moors, the public school network, and its idealization of agrarian values have led some independent voters to conclude that it is ill prepared to lead the country in the technical and scientific innovations necessary for successful competition in the international trade arena.

During thirteen years of Conservative office, annual national economic growth has been quite low—something less than 4 per cent per year—compared with Common Market countries. More significantly, Britain's share of world trade has not increased during the past decade. In 1962, for example, it lagged behind every Western European country, save Sweden, in growth of exports. The British National Institute of Economic and Social Research stated in November, 1963, "It is possible that the long-term downward trend in our share of world exports of manufacturers, after being checked for about a year, may have been resumed."

Such economic consequences have inevitably been attributed in part to the fact that Conservative policies have seemed more concerned with holding inflation in check than with promoting economic growth.

Yet it is only fair to recognize that ambivalence toward change pervades all sectors of British society. The fear of materialism and the urge to defend individualism against the threat of "organization man" are deeply felt by many voters, regardless of party. They are not sure that the modernization game is worth the candle. At the same time, economic necessity is pushing them toward credit buying (called here buying on the "never-never"), commercial TV (with programs and advertising practices indistinguishable from the American networks), urbanization, traffic jams, freeways and, indeed, toward the emergence of a society with problems and

achievements increasingly like those in the United States.

How does the Labour Party justify its demand for the transfer of political power to itself? Since both parties stress the need for a revitalized Britain, economic planning, a new emphasis on science, technology and higher education, one of Harold Wilson's gambits is to attack Conservative strategy and its record as distinct from its current policies. Still, at bottom, each party is somewhat more sensitive to the demands and expectations of those who provide the major share of its members.

Given its labour-union, working-class core of support, Labour aims essentially at economic equality, the curbing of *rentier* affluence and paper-economy speculation, and the extension of social security. The Conservatives seem more sensitive to *producer* interests, while Labour's ear is probably more attuned to *consumer* demands. Labour has, for example, pledged itself to abrogate the Rent Act of 1957, which ended controls and has caused inflated rents in the London area. It has promised, similarly, to curb speculation in London real estate, which has sent land prices to unprecedented heights and put home ownership beyond the reach of most English families. Meanwhile, capital has moved increasingly into commercial building where a higher return is assured. Finally, although nationalization is otherwise no longer a significant part of its program, Labour has promised to renationalize the steel industry, thus giving a fillip to the advertising community as the industry runs full-page ads in major papers contrasting the horrors of nationalization with its reputed technical expertise and competitive spirit.

One of Labour's greatest advantages in the ongoing struggle is surely the intellectual and professional qualities of its leader, Harold Wilson. Compared with the Prime Minister, Wilson appears, even to some young Conservatives, to be better suited to current demands for financial and managerial sophistication. A former Oxford don in economics, President of the Board of Trade in the 1945-51 Labour Government, deadly in extemporaneous exchange (the Conservatives have wisely shown no interest in a proposed series of TV debates between the Prime Minis-

ter and Wilson), he is, to reverse Churchill's barb at Attlee, "a proud man with a good deal to be proud about."

Sir Alec Douglas-Home provides a dramatic contrast. A member of a Scottish family whose title dates back fourteen generations, product of Eton and Cambridge, a model of character and simplicity, a staunch believer in the law of supply and demand and the wisdom of the amateur, the Prime Minister symbolizes the old Britain, just as Wilson does the new. With little experience in industry and finance, firmly grounded in common-sense values, he is fortunate to have strong, experienced cabinet professionals such as Maudling and Mead to fill in the gaps in his own knowledge of domestic economic affairs.

Wilson, on the other hand, is a self-made man, coldly rational and scientifically oriented. He has brought a new unity and *élan* to a party disheartened by an internal struggle for leadership and by the death of former leader Hugh Gaitskell. Although the caliber of Wilson's shadow cabinet is no match for the government's leadership strength, this is less of a problem than it might seem. A British Prime Minister's power over both cabinet and legislature is normally so great that he can, given the desire and competence, dominate the whole government machine. Most observers agree that Wilson has both the desire and the competence.

A more disturbing question is whether Wilson, once in power, could overcome the conservatism of the giant trade unions upon whom Labour relies for most of its support. The scarcity philosophy which characterizes much of British industrial leadership is shared by its unions, both leaders and rank and file. Their attitude reflects the long and bitter history of depression and unemployment between the two great wars. While Luddites are undoubtedly rare, the unions are reflexively opposed to technological change. They are anxiously aware of the unemployment that is attending automation in the United States. The changeover is only beginning here (British industry, for example, has less than 700 computers, compared with 12,000 in the U.S.), but it is a moot question whether unions would endorse a promised Wilsonian technological revolution. Wilson would surely have to ask both un-



Ben Roth Agency: London Daily Mirror

If There's Anything You Want. . .

ions and business to restrain wages and prices in order to hold inflation in check and to keep British manufactured products competitive in the world market. Since, to some extent, increased costs in the past decade have been passed on to the consumer, while wages have tended to lag behind, it is problematic how much further self-discipline Wilson can hope to evoke. He must also persuade the unions to accept labor-saving devices and rationalization of production, despite attending temporary dislocations. If Heath and Maudling have their shopkeepers, Wilson has his trade unionists, both for their own reasons fearful of modernization.

Despite some domestic similarity, the parties differ sharply on certain aspects of foreign affairs. Labour's view is that the strategy of an independent nuclear deterrent is neither militarily nor economically feasible. They do not believe that Britain can in fact maintain a threat which would deter Russia in the event that the United States decided not to retaliate against an atom attack upon one of its NATO allies. Economically, Labour also questions the huge defense expenditures (about 30 per cent of the entire public budget) required to sustain the strategy. It is thus more prepared than the Conservatives to accept a subordinate position for Britain in international affairs, and less concerned with maintaining ideological continuity with the United States.

Here, again, policy difference reflects differences in the party leaders: the Prime Minister's interest and experience lie mainly in foreign affairs; Wilson's forte is domestic economic policy. Perhaps this explains Labour's seeming preoccupation with housing, land speculation, inflation, productivity and education, while Conservative efforts have been mainly directed to overcoming the reluctant popular conclusion that Britain is no longer a power of first rank. In line with his party's traditional vigorous image of national power, the Prime Minister has on several occasions explicitly rejected this definition and, as in his dispatch of troops to Cyprus and Kenya, has seized opportunities to demonstrate the decisive international role yet available to Britain. However, as the government's current negotiations with Russia, China, Cuba and South Africa indicate, the nation's critical dependence on foreign trade means that Labour too could not afford to downgrade world affairs. This imperative was sharply emphasized last January, when imports exceeded exports by \$360 million. By March, the gap had narrowed to some \$200 million, but the long-run problem of imbalance remained.

Such issues provide the larger framework of the coming autumn election, but the voter's perspective is likely to be more restricted and personal. His alternatives are uncommonly obvious, for rarely has an election posed so clear a choice between different conceptions of

national priority and different qualities of leadership. The so-called "charismatic" qualities of birth and character, long decisive in British politics, are being directly challenged by the need for expert professionals. This confrontation between Establishment and Meritocracy is explicit in the whole character and experience of the two leaders.

Time and events seem to be running against the Conservatives. Beyond the public judgment that the party has not always used its power decisively and the inevitable emergence of a "time for a change" psychology, there is the disenchantment brought by the Profumo affair and the naked intraparty power struggles during the Home succession. These events have inspired

uneasy questions about the most unquestionable assumption of Establishment rule—its moral integrity. But the main issue in this election is perhaps less one of character than one of relevant competence. The question being asked is whether, in fact, government by amateurs, however disinterested, can build a socially and economically modern Britain.

Bowery Bums' Rush Peter S. McGhee

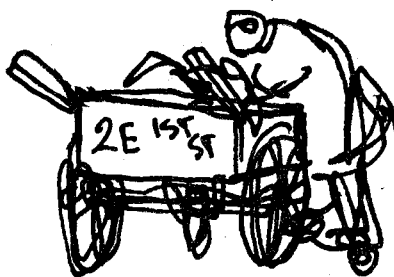
"You're lucky it's me here today. Some other judge would have given you six months. Ten days in the workhouse."

The full import of this remark, delivered recently in a dingy courtroom on New York City's lower East Side, may have escaped the defendant, a 65-year-old man arrested the night before for drunk and disorderly conduct, but to spectators in the courtroom its meaning was clear: the three-month-long drive to clean up the Bowery had at least temporarily been halted.

Normally there are between 10,000 and 16,000 of what the Welfare Department genteelly refers to as "homeless men" in New York City, most of them on the Bowery—on the street and in the way of life its name connotes.

The Bowery begins at Cooper Square with the flowing together of Third and Fourth Avenues, and ends a mile or so south in Chinatown and Chatham Square. Along its length concentrate the wholesale showrooms and outlets of a dozen minor industries and, scattered among them, the peculiar institutions that feed on the homeless population. There are forty hotels "for men only," ammonia-fragrant, where a bed for the night costs a dollar or less; almost as many bars, where a slug of whiskey costs a quarter, beer a dime; and a handful of smoky-windowed eateries, where 70c buys two stunted pork chops with a boiled potato and the right to linger over them on a cold day.

Charity is there too. The Municipal Shelter on 3rd Street offers a free bed and meals to any man willing and able to hold himself up-



right in line and submit to a shower and a medical examination, and to having his clothes taken from him and fumigated overnight.

For those who object to the accommodations or the regimen or the company at the Men's Shelter ("I'd rather sleep in the gutter," said one old man), there is the Bowery Mission, a few blocks further south, where meals and shelter go for the inconsiderable price of sitting briefly in its chapel and at least appearing to listen to a sermon delivered by a kindly old gentleman who thirty years ago was down and out himself.

However, the pre-eminent needs of the homeless man are spiritual rather than spiritual; they are filled not from the Bible but from the bottle, by the half-pint, pint, fifth, quart and gallon. This it is that ultimately brings him and the law together, but first, because the public and private charities take an unexceptionally hostile position toward alcohol, it forces him into a variety of brief, temporary, hopefully gainful endeavors.

He may solicit alms, panhandle, bum. He may befriend one of the many homeless men receiving Social Security, disability, railroad retirement or veterans' pensions and benefits. He may work.

Some work in restaurant kitchens, hauling garbage out to cans, wash-

ing dishes, mopping up. Some work in the factory and warehousing places that line the Bowery's lesser cross streets and tributaries, helping load and unload trucks. And there are places like Joey's Junk Shop on 1st Street, which provides a wobbly wheeled, orange-colored pushcart and will pay for paper, cardboard, rags, and junk in general, and where, if you are one of the trusted regulars and simply must have an eye-opener before starting out, Joey's son is just enough of a soft touch to stand you a small advance. ("I get it back," he says, "don't worry about that.")

So somehow and in every way, by being useful or by being a nuisance or by being both, the 40c or dollar is come by, the pint or fifth is bought and consumed, shared usually with friends, and often by noontime the coveted degree of inebriety has been achieved. The labors of the rest of the day nourish and sustain it, propelling the hours past.

Until 4 o'clock in the morning, when the bars close and the trumpets sound retreat and the last little bands of dazed and wounded wander off among the empties and the bodies of the fallen, until then, when for a few hours all is quiet, the battle rages in full flood and view.

It is a spectacle which, beheld from the outside, may make even a life of quiet desperation seem somehow good. Daily the spectator buses roll down from distant midtown with their cargoes of the craning, camera-clicking curious. (Mostly out-of-towners. New Yorkers don't stare up at the Empire State Building either.) And who knows how many sober resolves have been hardened on the sight and main-

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May 11, 1964

tained on the memory of the Bowery's derelict men?

Beginning in January of this year, however, that grand spectacle was dismantled piece by human piece. Today the Bowery is strangely still and empty. Why it was done is an unsettled question. Along the street itself, and among the lower echelons of the forces involved, the answer is plain: the Bowery was cleaned up for the World's Fair.

Perhaps that is the reason—the prison population rose also in anticipation of the 1939 New York World's Fair. Whoever ordered it, and no one will say, the chief agents for what was a vast and involuntary migration from the Bowery were the police, whose green vans roamed the traditional haunts of the homeless men as never before; the Social Court on 2nd Street, which gave

sentences of unprecedented length to defendants in unprecedented numbers; and, unwillingly and unavoidably, the Correction Department, at whose workhouse on Hart Island those sentenced served, and serve, their time.

Not one of the three parties to the clean-up operation came new to the task. The police and the court and the jail have always seen more of the homeless men than the Welfare Department, which waits like a shopkeeper for customers to enter. What was new was the number dealt with and the harshness of that dealing. The injustice was not new, as the flu is not new: what was new was its epidemic proportion: 4,000 cases in three months.

The injustice begins with the arrest of the homeless man, which is

generally groundless in law, for disorderly conduct. Although part of the offense consists of "loitering and lounging while apparently under the influence of intoxicants" (the main Bowery occupation), the heart of it is that while thus loitering the person so charged does "annoy and disturb pedestrians and others nearby."

This is now understood to mean an intentional annoyance persisted in. It has been found to be not criminally disorderly, for example, to be sitting in the middle of the sidewalk drinking from a whiskey bottle when all the annoyance it causes is to pedestrians who must walk around to get by. On the Bowery, however, the police are extremely sensitive to annoyance. It is enough if a man has a bottle in his hand or in his pocket, if he is unsteady on his feet or thick in his speech or smells of drink: he is arrested, pushed into the back of the paddy wagon and eventually locked up, to await trial.

This usually takes place in Part 11 of the Criminal Court system: the Social Court, housed in a solid armory-like brick building on Second Avenue and 2nd Street, a block from the Men's Shelter and just as much a Bowery landmark.

Singly and in bunches of four, five, even twelve, in whatever groups they were arrested, the accused are herded into the courtroom from detention cells outside and lined up before a judge. Shoulder to shoulder, rheumy, palsied, swaying, they stand with their heads bowed, caps clutched to their sides, while the ritual drone of the court attendant "informs" them of the charge against them and of their rights. Then the judge points to each man in turn and asks him how he pleads: "guilty or not?" They smile or raise their hand or nod or sometimes even pronounce the word: "guilty."

Few plead "not guilty." That is what most of them are, but none of them knows it. The effectiveness of the Bowery clean-up depended on this ignorance, and the injustice of the Social Court consists in permitting it: that the arrested believe to have been drinking is itself to have been disorderly, and no one tells them otherwise.

Those who plead "not guilty" have no greater understanding of their rights or of what guilt is than



those who plead "guilty." They plead "not guilty" because the last time they "pleaded guilty and it didn't work out so good" or because, like numbers players, they "had a hunch," or as one man said afterwards, "you just gotta play it by ear."

If they haven't changed their minds in prison overnight, as many do, those who pleaded "not guilty" are tried swiftly the next day and almost invariably acquitted. That much may be said for the justice of the whole proceedings: the arrest may be times illegal, and the court process, while adhering meticulously to the letter of the law, may be times mock its spirit, but just let a man object, let him plead not guilty, and he will be set free, and no hard feelings about it.

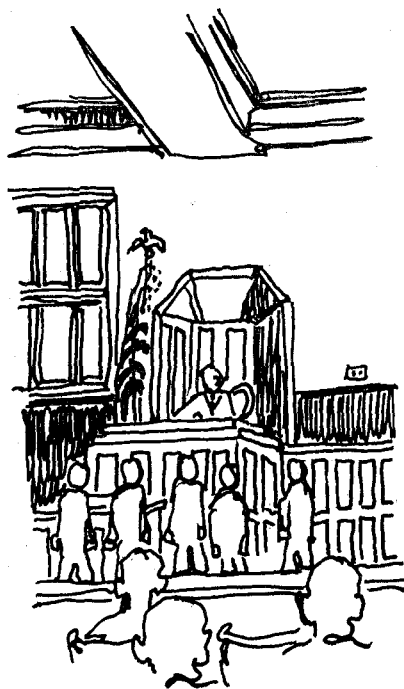
In past practice the injustice of this tawdry judicial process was mitigated by the generally lenient attitude of judges when it came to sentencing the hapless victims. To those who volunteered for rest, to those who didn't volunteer but evidently could profit from it, to those whose records disclosed a still active streak of more serious criminality, jail sentences were given out. The balance were likely to be set free on suspended sentences.

However, in the first three months of 1964, coincident with the Bowery clean-up, the attitude of leniency was itself suspended. The burden of presiding over the Social Court was assumed by the two top administrative judges of the city: Judge John Murtagh and his assistant, Judge Larry Vetranno, who did the honors most of the time.

Their attitudes toward the offense of disorderly conduct were uniform and harsh: practically all who pleaded guilty were committed to jail, and for terms that on average were two and a half times as long as had been previously handed out. In two months more men were sent to jail from Social Court than had been usual in twelve — more than 2,000.

From the point of view of the Corrections Department it represented a staggering increase in the demands made upon its workhouse facilities at Hart Island, which also is as much a Bowery institution as the Men's Shelter, with many inadequacies shared in common.

Hart Island, located in the northernmost reaches of the East River, just off City Island in the Bronx,



Drawings by Harry Moss

is well out of the way of sight-seeing buses. Its approximately 100 acres are divided between the buildings and grounds of the workhouse and Potter's Field, which inmate labor maintains. It is a low-security prison and the buildings in their long career of service have been military and welfare barracks as well as "inmate housing areas."

For most of its short-term offenders it is a workhouse in name only. Few are fortunate enough, young and strong enough, to get assigned to the cemetery gang, which earns them 10c an hour and, more important, helps the time to pass.

For the old Bowery hands, many of whom will one day fill the graves their juniors have prepared, there is no such help, nothing to do, nothing required of them, nothing done or made available to keep them busy or diverted. They sit by the hour on their beds, gazing blankly at the floor, or stand at the window, staring out at a gray and stubbled plain where sometimes ring-necked pheasants can be seen strutting proud and free in the tall grass among the protruding stones that mark into numbered plots the mass resting places of 500,000 poor and unfriended souls. In warm weather the homeless men are permitted outside to sit and sun themselves a hundred yards from a beach where ducks and sea gulls drift together in little bunches 15 feet off shore.

The idleness lasts like a death-

watch for as long as the sentence runs — thirty, sixty, ninety, 180 days. Overcrowding, which is chronic now in all city prisons but worst in this one, attenuates what were meager facilities to begin with. Correction officers on the island speak wistfully of the days before the movie theatre was converted into another inmate housing area and of the long-since-abandoned shop where homeless men occupied themselves and astonished others by wonderfully refurbishing and repairing children's broken toys.

However long, wasteful, improper or resented it was, every workhouse sentence is finally served. The gray prison denim is turned in and the old familiar baggy pants and tattered coat are recovered and donned again. At about 11 o'clock in the morning the homeless man begins his journey back to society.

He is given 25c and put aboard a Corrections Department bus, possibly with the same companions with whom he had made the journey up there, and transported back to the site of his homelessness: The ferry ride is brief; the mainland trip is not much longer. About noon, the bus pulls up in front of the Men's Shelter on 3rd Street, its cage-wire door is opened, and he is again free to enjoy the blessings of liberty.

He does not linger. His first stop is the liquor store, where he spends the quarter he was given when he came out and the pennies he had with him when he went in. Next he looks for his friends. By nightfall he has been regathered to the Bowery, again an indistinguishable member of its tatterdemalion army.

The Bowery is relatively quiet today. While it lasted, the clean-up drove many men to jail, many more to cover. Many went to "the mountains," the upstate resorts and hotels to which they regularly go in spring to work as kitchen help, porters, grounds keepers and handy-men. Some moved on to the skid rows of cities not having World's Fair celebrations this year.

World's Fairs come and go, however, bringing their own transient concerns and vanities which do not long outlast them. Soon the Bowery will fill up again. The men will come back from upstate in the fall, and trickle back from the workhouse sooner than that. Then there will be the spectacle again, something for the curious to see.

Art in Orbit

Frederick Kiesler

On May 5, the Guggenheim Museum in New York opened an exhibition of work by Frederick Kiesler entitled "Environmental Sculpture." Architect, theatre designer, painter, sculptor and writer, Kiesler has until now been far better known abroad than in this country where he came from Vienna some thirty-six years ago. The "Shrine of the Book," which will house the Dead Sea Scrolls, is the work of Kiesler and Bartos, architects, and is now being completed in Jerusalem. Kiesler's journals, from which the following passages have been excerpted, will be published by Simon & Schuster (copyright (c) 1964 Frederick Kiesler). Editor.

Tuesday, August 21, 1956

To K., who came in for dictation, I remarked:

"How typical it is for young American architects to omit main dimensions in their plans.

"They'll put in all the detail measurements, but omit total length, total depth and total height.

"In other words: they will be able, at a meeting, to give the width of a door or its height; the width and height of a window; the space in between the windows, the height of a ceiling—but they will not be able to give at once the measurement of, let's say, the height of the entire building. That is left to a far-distant occasion. This technique is a handicap at a meeting when cubic content and costs are discussed and quick answers desired. But there is a much deeper evil in such fragmentation. In the life that we all lead here, a day composes itself like the piling up of one stone on top of the other, and the wall one day will be 5 feet tall, another day 7 feet, and at another date reach perhaps the height of 20 feet in a great piling up of doings after doings. There is a tremendous feeling of immediacy, a desire to finish off, a habit of forgetting the last minute, and going on to the next and not knowing what the next is after the next. 'Nexting,' we could call it. And we think we have gained a lot over former centuries with their visionaries, their ambitious thinkers ahead of the times. But we have only created a split between reality and dream, between fact and vision.

"I am accustomed to composing big and small units in a *multiplying* way rather than by *adding* details to details. This is all-over planning, encompassing both reality and vision. Minute-to-minute planning splits them. The young architect, by negating main dimensions, merely expresses our minute-by-minute approach to life—a life without content and continuity."

April 28, 1957

I have just returned from Boston's Fogg Museum, a conference on Museum Architecture. Participants were museum directors and prominent architects—Philip Johnson, Gropius, José Luis Sert, Hayes of Cleveland and a few more, among them Kahn of Yale.

The conference was confused as to its aims. There were not more than thirty or forty participants in too large a lecture hall, which made it rather somber and full of echoes of things that were not said but that I felt should

have been said; these unsaid things everybody heard, and the things we heard nobody cared much about.

We started at 2 P.M. It ended close to midnight. There were two sessions in the afternoon and one in the evening.

To sum up what the museum directors wanted: more and more space, and certainly more space behind the display walls in order to manage the exhibition better. As a matter of fact, they said the ratio of storage and managing space to display area should be three-to-one. The other point was: the height of museum rooms. One should be able to change the heights and the widths of the rooms at will. If possible, automatically. Skylight, daylight from the side, should not be excluded. All in all, an ideal museum would be changeable to any size and dimension, and the lighting too. No one spoke about the paintings or the artist. Art was treated as abstract merchandise, either bought or bestowed. We were quite impressed by the story of the Cleveland Museum, as told by its architect. They are spending \$7 million for an addition to their museum which will contain the most mechanized technical equipment for lighting, moving walls and shifting exhibits. An attempt at pseudo-automation to facilitate the exhibition maneuvers of museum directors.

The architect talking so casually about all this looked like a rancher. With the greatest of ease he drove herds of paintings and sculptures from one gallery to another like cattle. Artificial sunlight would filter in any direction through sky roofs, man-handled by a crew of museum mechanics above the glass ceiling. The service floor above the museum exhibitions was almost as high as the galleries themselves. There seemed to be enough equipment to transform this art museum, if necessary, into a plant for atom bombs.

When I came to speak, I found I could not. But I finally burst out: "We cannot consider art museums today an

On 'Environmental Sculpture'

It is not a sculpture show, if one means thereby an assemblage of objects content to come to terms with an existing space concept. By a partial invasion of architecture on the one hand and of painting and drawing on the other, Kiesler's objects first deny or at least reduce themselves as sculpture. The same objects then are placed within a willful environment created to subvert existing space notions and to suggest new alternatives. In all this, form remains unsolved, and for good reasons, since resolution would imply finality and acceptance of an expedient imperfection. Kiesler's space, on the other hand, suggests that perfect solutions may be awaiting us if only in infinity. . . .

Environmental Sculpture as an exhibition marks Kiesler's defeat and victory. Defeat, because movement for a moment has been arrested and forms have been caged in materials. Defeat also because a vision has been imprisoned and, like a lion in a zoo, held up as a spectacle. Kiesler's victory is not the attainment of endlessness, but its evocation through the tangible.

Thomas M. Messer, Director
The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

integral part of life—I mean, our daily life. None of us, and certainly not the population at large, has any compulsion about art, any inner necessity for it. The meaning of art has been lost. Art is not a ritual any more, it is an aesthetic subterfuge. The museum today is often a tour de farce. In the best sense, museums have become oxygen tents of art. But we cannot live all the time in oxygen tents. It would be better, more honest, if we closed the museums and eventually gave all the art back where it came from. But that would take a long time and require new international laws. In the meantime, we could disperse the works to community buildings and homes—large paintings to large homes, smaller paintings to smaller houses. And they should also be brought to the homes of the poor. We outsiders could then go and visit the paintings and sculptures of the memorable past and of our time, in private homes, gardens, courtyards, roof tops and basements. What endless displays, and no cost of maintenance! We shall have tea with those who cherish them, linger in the past, speak about the future and perhaps enjoy the present.

“As it is today, we force art upon the people under the disguise of education. Paintings, with captions, producing a conformity of judgment—without discrimination. Of course, I realize artists have to go on producing, architects have to go on building, art directors and museum directors have to go on managing and educating; and so we will continue and try to do the best we can under the circumstances. But we must not forget that the circumstances are not conducive either to the creation of art or to its natural distribution. Art and public live in an artificial relationship. The place of art in society should be as necessary as the sun is to chlorophyll. Art is not a matter of grafting.”

I woke up from my talk to rousing applause. I was surprised, not having expected approval. When I slipped back into the dark aisle, a man stepped up to me and almost embraced me, saying: “You spoke from my heart. Thank you. I am the architect Belluschi.” For a moment I was stunned. It was Belluschi I had wanted most to meet on this trip to Boston. Yet it was an anticlimax, because I had to run off to a lecture by Oppenheimer which I was most anxious to hear.

I found myself among thousands of worshipers in an enormous wooden auditorium waiting for the appearance of the martyr. He came in, lean, relaxed, paying no attention to the clapping which rolled up the moment his figure was visible, trying at once to coordinate his lecture table, chair, blackboard. He spoke sparsely and his voice sounded as if it were coming from between book covers: “Kepler thought he had finally verified his theory; Einstein assumed the same. But science is infinite. Let’s stick to small sections of it, for we are only a small particle of the world of truth.”

July 25, 1959

Nature is so rich, so compact and so condensed that each innermost particle would open an endless world to us if we had strong enough lenses in our eyes and enough cells in our frontal lobes to see and grasp it. We don’t. But artists present us that world outright.

Most people see only the result of this world of mutations, the outer reality: that which we can chew with our teeth, record with our ears, smell through our nostrils, take in through the pupils of our eyes. The rest of perception seems to us illicit and of no practical value; mystical, a tea-leaf prognosis. It is the poet, the artist, who senses the inner drive and workings of nature. The poet’s feeling

May 11, 1964

is inspired by a force conveniently known as the unknown, and he loves to surrender to it. The average man is afraid of this power which he cannot grasp and grip. That’s where the creator and the burgher diverge. The poet’s feelings go deeper, wider, faster and farther than any of the electromagnoscopes which man constructs to poke into the secrets of nature. . . .

There is a connection between the approach of the average scientist to nature and the way most people think about art. In fact, the situation is worse in art with a capital A, as well as in architecture.

In contemporary sculpture or painting, the paintings end with their frames and are finite; sculptures, from their pedestals to their tops, are finite too, no matter what their material.

To extend these art forms in space, beyond their customary limits, would indeed be changing their constitution and might rightly be called a revolution.

The artist-creator has always been in search of the basic laws of the world he lives in. He tries to express the unknown with the known, contrary to the scientist, who tries to find the unknown in the known.

He has become aware of the forces which hold planets, suns and star dust in set relations to one another so that when orbiting they do not lose the family pattern. The continuity of this correlation is never interrupted.

Let me give some specific examples of how I have tried to break through the borders of the finite, the prison of the frame, and to express a sense of this correlation. In World War I, I was in the press corps stationed at the Schwartzberg Platz in Vienna. Because of my work, I was able to see the Swiss newspapers and thus knew several days before the signing of the Armistice that the war was about to end. I therefore quit going to the office and started to build a large “galaxy” of paintings out of gray cardboard—about twenty pieces, irregular in size and covered with white tracing paper. I nailed them to the wall at different intervals from one another and painted in *grisaille* a vast field of human bodies whose proportions grew larger and larger the higher they were placed.

Then, twelve years ago, I revived the galaxial idea to portray personalities fixed in space and time—E.E. Cummings, Marcel Duchamps, Henry Laugier. These were *families of paintings* instead of bachelors and spinsters in isolation. To do this, I had one main tool and technique: the proper dimensioning of distance between one unit and another. Thus the intervals between the units became of major importance to the correlation of the total work. One unit closer or farther, higher or lower, from another will have a great impact on the composition of the galaxy per se and also on the observer who is drawn into this man-made expanding universe.

In my galaxies, the paintings are also set at different distances from the wall, protruding or receding. Naturally they have no isolating frames, since the exact interval space between them makes frames superfluous. The wall area plus the total room space provide a framing in depth—in fact, a three-dimensional frame. These galaxies, although they start from a minimum of three units and expand to as many as nineteen, were only an attempt at endlessness within the enclosure of a room. But I think they could be added to *until the power of the inner magnetism* is exhausted. And if they actually end (physically), their capacity to inspire continuity would still be great, in that the observer could go on adding more and more units according to his own imagination. He would then be extending the magnetic field derived from the nucleus of the original concept.

(Continued on page 488.)

April 1, 1964

A Reminder to Myself: A New Era Has Begun

Our Western world has been overrun by masses of art objects. What we really need are not more and more objects, but an objective.

L'art pour l'art of seventy-five years ago and the period of art for the artist's sake of the last twenty-five years are over. Before we can go into new productions, a new objective must first be crystallized out of a world consciousness which is the concern of all of us, not of any particular stratum of society. World events since the last war have grown in turbulence and have thrown us together. Aestheticism as a sole criterion for the validity of

a work of art is evaporating. The artist will not work any more for his glory in museums or galleries but for solidifying the meaning of his creations on a larger scale without falling into the pitfalls of social realism or anecdotal accounts of events. He will take active part through his work in forming a new world image.

The era of experimentations in materials and forms which lasted over half a century has run its gamut; a new era has begun: an era of correlating the plastic arts within their own realms, but toward a further objective of integrating those arts with a life freed from self-imposed limitations.

The poet, the artist, the architect and the scientist are the four cornerstones of this new-rising edifice.

Spirit of Valerian

THE STORY OF A LIFE. By Konstantin Paustovsky. Translated by Joseph Barnes. Pantheon Books. 661 pp. \$10.

Jose Yglesias

In 1959, Konstantin Paustovsky, one of the old men in the Russian literary scene, was too ill to attend the Soviet Writers' Congress, and the speech he meant to give was instead published in *The Literary Gazette*. In it he complained that some Soviet writers act like circus clowns, running forward at the end of their act to take a bow. "This consists, first of all, in providing sugary happy endings," he said, "and striking a careful balance of light and dark colors in a book, with the pastel shades — mostly pink and blue — prevailing. It's a good thing that Leo Tolstoy managed to write *Anna Karenina* before the appearance of this tradition. There was no one, not even the publisher, before whom he had to 'take a bow,' and he let Anna destroy her family and die, out of purely personal and thus inadmissible considerations."

Paustovsky is an old-fashioned writer by current American standards; he means to communicate and to do good, whether he is describing a landscape or discussing the revolution. But he will not have literature vulgarized: he will not have it meet any but the requirements of truth. "Our second harmful tradition," he said to his colleagues in 1959, "is the reluctance to write about suffering, the fear of even hinting at sadness; as if all of our life had to be spent beneath sugar-candy skies to the sound of the hearty and determined cheerful laughter of 'militant' men and women."

Paustovsky has, then, been an "old-fashioned" writer by Soviet standards, too. In his homeland he is the bridge

between Chekhov and Gorki's generation and the post-revolution. He managed to survive the Stalin years and to speak of tolerance to those militant men and women who, when not cheerful, could glower most fearfully: "But even these extremes (surrealism, Dadaism, the twelve-tone system, and other 'isms') are actually entirely normal for our young fighting cocks. There is absolutely no reason to sound the alarm and give way to noisy panic, for the aggressiveness of youth is useful; it keeps the older generation from becoming smothered in fat and thinking of itself as infallible and 'untouchable.'"

Reading Paustovsky, you often feel that he is one of those idealistic, lovable characters in Chekhov who, unaccountably, have lived through the revolution and its aftermath; it's as if one of the three sisters had gotten to Moscow and could now look back on the journey. "Ah, Grandfather Maxim Grigorievich!" Paustovsky exclaims early in *The Story of a Life*. "It's to him I owe my susceptibility to impressions, and my romanticism. They transformed my childhood into a series of collisions with reality. I suffered from this, but I still knew that my grandfather was right, and that a life made up of sobriety and good sense might be fine, but it would be burdensome to me, and fruitless. 'To each man,' as Grandfather used to say, 'his own recipe.'"

Paustovsky also talks about the merits of individuality in *The Golden Rose* (available here in an English edition published by the Foreign Lan-

Jose Yglesias is a novelist (his first book, *A Wake in Ybor City* was published last year by Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

guage Publishing House of Moscow). He prefaces this collection of short pieces about literature with an anecdote about a Paris dustman who kept the sweepings from jewelers until he had enough gold dust to make a golden rose. There's an echo of the nineteenth century in his moral: "Over the years we writers subconsciously collect millions of these little grains and keep them stored away until they form a mold out of which we shape our particular golden rose — a story, a novel or a poem. And from these precious little particles a stream of literature is born." In statements like these there isn't even an echo of the harsh programmatic approach to literature of the Zhdanovite years. Paustovsky must indeed have seemed "old-fashioned" in Russia. And welcome.

For us he seems old-fashioned for other reasons and also, I hope, welcome. If he insists on the personal, he is also warm-hearted, social-minded, in love with his country, all qualities one doesn't associate with our serious modern writers. "Real human character cannot exist without a feeling for one's country—something special, dear, and beloved in all its little details. It is an unselfish feeling, and it sharpens our interest in everything." Transporting wounded soldiers across Moscow during the First World War, he describes them thus: "The wounded men tried not to groan, and quieted the women with special words that could be understood. These are the words a simple Russian hoards within himself for an evil day, and uses only to people as simple as he is."

Paustovsky also recalls the advice he received from a pharmacist about writing. At sixteen, he published his first story and when the pharmacist who knew him as just another boy found this out, he closed his shop to tell him about the knowledge of life that a writer must have. Breath-

lessly he commands Paustovsky that he go everywhere in Russia: "Yes! Everywhere. So that life will impregnate you like . . . like spirits of valerian. So that it produces a real infusion. Then you can pass it on to people like a life-giving balm." And Paustovsky concludes: "I would never believe anyone who might try to tell me that this life, with its love, its striving for the truth and for happiness, with its summer lightning and the distant noise of water in the night, did not make sense. Every one of us should struggle to affirm this life, everywhere and always — to the end of his days."

If he is a "liberal" among Soviet writers, if even to Gorki he didn't hesitate to point out that a book can't be collectively written, he also firmly believes that only among the people (not just people) can a writer find the true sources of his art. In this light, he said in his intended speech to writers: "Nothing so cruelly affronts a person as an author's hypocrisy. This is because the reader is correctly convinced that writing is not a profession, but a calling." It is a commonplace to hear from students of the Soviet literary scene how fine it is for the young Soviet writers that an "old man" like Paustovsky has survived; we who suffer another kind of attrition need him as much.

The Story of a Life seems to be the perfect book with which to make his acquaintance: in it he speaks directly and at length, an old man for whom youthful experiences have not lost their wonder, able now to speak truthfully and without vanity about hurtful, wonderful and confusing days. The fact that he took the pharmacist's advice and lived many places and met many people also makes the book a fascinating picture of Russia. It's a long, crowded treasure of a book and Joseph Barnes's translation is particularly fine, for he maintains a single tone faultlessly throughout. Barnes's perfect pitch seems indispensable in translating a writer like Paustovsky whose sensibilities and whose style — which shows him to be a careful student of Chekhov and Turgenev — can be destroyed by a bad ear, as is the case with the Moscow English edition of *The Golden Rose*.

Paustovsky was thirteen in 1905, and this volume — the first of a multi-volume autobiography — takes him through the First World War, the February and October revolutions, and the civil war. His life emerges in a series of sketches and stories — oc-

asionally a section will have the pace and development of a novella — as sensitive and glowing as Chekhov or Turgenev; and it takes awhile to fathom why the book has the effect of fiction. (Not fiction as fabrication, but as life's essence.) Paustovsky is selective, as good novelists are, in writing about any incident in his life; yet he enriches each with exact detail of conversations, people, places and also color and movement and weather. There is little or no sense of repetitiveness or discursiveness, something of an achievement in memoirs.

He's a young schoolboy summering with his family in the country when Chekhov dies, and the scene he recalls allows you to see what Chekhov meant to enlightened, middle-class Russians and, at the same time, what Paustovsky's own family was like — all in a manner that Chekhov might himself have employed. Volodya, a young cousin, comes back from town with a newspaper in one hand, his face as if he were about to cry, and interrupts their game of croquet:

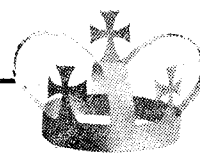
*"What's the matter," Uncle Kolya asked him, frightened.
"Chekhov has died."*

Volodya turned and walked back to the cottage. We ran after him. Uncle Kolya took the paper from Volodya, read it, threw it on the floor, and stalked off to his own room. Aunt Marusya went anxiously after him. Pavlia took off his pince-nez and cleaned them for a long time with his handkerchief.

"Kostik," Mama said to me, "go down to the river and call your father. Let him interrupt his fishing for once."

Paustovsky, to give another example, does not discuss at length how pogroms were inspired or carried through, or analyze what their effects were on Jews and gentiles. Instead, he electrifies you with an account of waking up in Kiev one night, when it was in the hands of the White Russians during the civil war, to hear the sound of unending screams from a distance. The screaming began with a Jewish woman fearful about the usual activities that precede a pogrom, and her screams leap from house to house like flames until, as others are alerted, whole sections of the city echo with screams: the pogrom does not take place. This is the truth of fiction, much more effective than statistics or journalism or sociology.

What you learn about Russia also always comes as part of the story of



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a son of a Russian middle-class family. Paustovsky's first fourteen years were happy ones; they lived in Kiev and visited grandparents in the country. His life was a round of good people and beautiful places that left him with much sensitivity to others and a great love of nature. At fourteen his parents separate and this happy life ends; from then on Paustovsky supports himself and works at many jobs. His father dies when he's seventeen (a moving scene with which the book opens) and his brothers are killed in the war. His mother and his only sister, who is slowly going blind, show up on his doorstep in Kiev during the civil war dressed as beggars; they had been working a tiny farm and had used this disguise to get through the lines and rejoin him. He looks at the two impoverished, dirty women and realizes that it had not been at all difficult for them to assume the disguise; the country's ups and downs seem duplicated in his family's life.

Before this despairing moment comes, Paustovsky has worked in a steel mill, been a trolley car conductor in Moscow during the first year of the war, a medical orderly at the front, a fisherman's apprentice on the Black Sea. As a newspaper man, he lives in Moscow during 1917, and his account of that year, though always personal, gives a superb historical view of disparate peoples and unexpected actions: the revolutionary parliament at the Hotel Metropole, the meetings in the city squares, the Red Guards fighting during the October uprising, the anarchists living in the great town houses of the old merchants.

Paustovsky was not unsympathetic to the Bolshevik Revolution, but he was not a partisan either. He makes it clear that he was only an interested observer, and he lets the story of his own life explain his own noninvolvement. (Some one more concerned with "taking a bow" would have made such a confession more gingerly. Certainly Ehrenburg is not exactly straightforward in his memoirs about his obvious lack of sympathy for the Bolsheviks during the three years that followed the October Revolution.) He even leaves Moscow because his mother and sister, living in the Ukraine, are in desperate need of him. He spends some time with them, then goes to Kiev to work; finally, he ends up in Odessa to avoid conscription by the White Russian armies which held the whole area.

In Odessa, he works in a newspaper

office and spends every spare moment writing, as he has for years now, though he had yet to find his own material and style. One day, Ivan Bunin walks into the newspaper office; Paustovsky so worshiped him that he could not pronounce a word in his presence. After hearing Bunin say that "everything has turned unpleasant in this world," he goes to his room to think about his life and decides that only the future can give it sense. He does not condemn Bunin for leaving; he has, in fact, only words of praise for him. Yet when a reporter announces the next day that the end has come, the Bolsheviks are a few miles away, he refuses to leave. "Go along," he says to his friend, "it's a matter for your own conscience. But I know that I can't quit my country like that, ever, under any circumstances. Or my people."

I am certain that Paustovsky feels that it was this love of his country that saved him, for he was to become and remain — despite the Stalin years — a dedicated Soviet citizen; and if this beautiful book is evidence, he did find his *métier* and did contribute, as he'd always hoped, to his people. At the point where Yuri Zhivago, in Pasternak's novel of this era, gives up the revolution for the personal life, Paustovsky starts on the road in the opposite direction. Like Paustovsky, Pasternak stayed in the Soviet Union and apparently for the same reason, as evidence his letter to Khrushchev in which — paraphrasing the *Othello*

he'd translated—he reminds him that he has done his country some service and pleads that he not be exiled. Bunin left for a bitter exile, and he is, nevertheless, published in the Soviet Union, so it may be that Pasternak's novel will someday be able to take its chances with the Russian people. Certainly Paustovsky would approve of such an action.

Vladimir Nabokov, it is said, refused for years at an American university to recommend purchase of any new Russian books for the Soviet literature collection; he'd return the catalogues sent him with the statement, "There is no Soviet Literature." I can imagine how sorry Paustovsky must feel for him: giving up his beloved Russian language to write clever, unloving books like *Pale Fire*! In his 1959 speech, Paustovsky talks about a number of young writers whose works, he feels, vindicate his view of literature. (One of them, Yuri Kazakov, has already been published and praised here.) These young writers must make him feel quite certain that the future that he looked forward to in Odessa, as he neared thirty, did give his life meaning. But what standards are we to use in comparing Paustovsky's life work with, say, Nabokov's? Who in our country makes it an element of judgment that a man write in the hope that perhaps his "story might be needed by other people, and not just by myself, and it might help them to struggle through stormy times to a far-off, blinding strip of clear sky"?

Anticipations of the Light

Ken Kelman

If movements are thought of as schools and neat categories, I would rather just speak of movies. If movements mean processes, then I will speak of that movement which has been called New American Cinema. But it can no more be defined than any other form of life; it can be autopsied only when dead. No vivisection.

What it is, is Brakhage and *Dog Star Man*, Smith and *Flaming Creatures* (see *The Nation*, April 6), Markopoulos and *Twice a Man* and others, all alive. We like to petrify such life for our schizoid and rationalistic nonpurposes. Our current reduction of the totality of things is precisely what New American Cinema goes against, and I would give cohesion to this Cinema first in terms of its response

to the prevalent modern superstitions. Again, I would not call it a movement so much as a release of energies, whose various aspects are related not so much by common purpose as by common necessity.

Necessity being the mother, there are two which underlie New American Cinema. One is an aesthetic need, born of the exhaustion of film form by midcentury. A pertinent analogy here is that of music at the turn-of-the-century, when composers like Schoenberg and Stravinsky began to react in major ways against an art which had overevolved. The type of

Ken Kelman is a playwright living in New York; he has written criticism for *Film Culture*, *Filmwise* and *Moviegoer*.

The NATION

diatonicism which reached a sort of perfection with Mozart had become, with Mahler and Strauss, a growingly, groaningly, unwieldy idiom. Its sheer material opulence was easy to swallow but hard to digest; compositions gave more and more predominance to expressive detail over organic vitality. The only way to develop such a form was to enlarge it still further; and further growth would only choke on itself. A radical reversal was needed.

Like that music, contemporary movies have gone as far as they can. As the standard half-hour symphony of Mozart ended up in the hour-and-a-half Mahler opus, the old ninety-minute film becomes three, four hours long. As instruments were added, melodies endlessly elaborated, and harmonies more and more richly thickened, the motion picture acquired sound, color, 3-D, wide-screen, smells, electrical shocks, and developed multi-plotted, multi-directed, star-clustered and omnibus films. Unfortunately, nothing as gorgeous or powerful as the music of Strauss or Mahler has come out of the overripe movie period. It is especially too bad because the end is as surely at hand here and now as it was in Vienna fifty years ago, though we lack a Resurrection Symphony to immortalize our own dead art. No knight of the past has transfigured that art, and now it is just too late.

In old Europe, itself, a reaction is evident, which both the Continentals and many of us tend to take seriously as the new cinema. This centers around Resnais, Antonioni and Godard (surely not Bergman or Fellini). But two aspects of their work mitigate against any real evolutionary or revelatory significance. First, they are merely manipulating the old dramatic narrative to obviate the formal excesses into which it has (necessarily) fallen. If Schoenberg had gone to a spare sonata form in 1910, that would have been the musical equivalent of such procedure; of Antonioni's dilution or Godard's ellipsis of plot, anyhow. Resnais' reaction has been more that of late Mahler or very early Schoenberg—to stretch the traditional form as far as it will go, to cast the old plot-film in as dense and complicated a guise as possible. Another element in the work of these three which seems to me reactionary in a bad sense is, as Jonas Mekas has remarked, a tired determinism, a rationality that is restrictive on more levels than just the formal.

Which leads to the second neces-

sity, the second pressure for coherence in the New American Cinema. This can be most simply stated as the need for freedom in an increasingly restrictive world. It is, as they say, not within the scope of this essay to analyze social infirmity. But surely we know at the very least that man is more and more estranged from nature, from his fellow man, and from himself. Through our powers of reason we have isolated certain truths and principles out of whole nature, rejecting the nature of ourselves, separating body and spirit, and enthroning one consciousness as the most efficient means of ordering the material external world. New American Cinema is a release of different forms of consciousness, as well as a reaction on several levels against the repressive pressures of our culture.

Old American Cinema is not only glutted and cluttered with expensive sets, actors and union members, with all the respect for material power that characterizes our culture today. The Old is also completely calculated, with believable characters, developed and motivated actions, clockwork time, everything to confirm our belief—or hope?—that the universe is a causal, rational place. Our films have become a function not of energy, interest and rhythm—not of the human spirit—but of economic greed and compulsive hypertrophy.

The New American Cinema is a spiritual medium; and more physical than Hollywood ever dreamed. In it the conscious and the deep images are reunited, man himself is reunited, with passion and no apologies. It seeks to project genuine experience and direct vision. Its primary drive is to replenish the human spirit which has been eroded as much as our earth has been by "progress." The new cinema attempts to restore subjectivity to its proper realm, and urges the balance of human nature.

The Old is sluggish, its reflexes are gone. It *removes* experience, making us see things along with (or through) a protagonist with whom we identify, and a plot in which we are caught. Such an approach tends toward not only a lack of viewpoint, of definition of *whose* experience it is, but also filters the power of sight into mere habit, and dissolves insight into a mere vicariousness. The spectator is reduced to a voyeur—which is, increasingly, the individual's role in our society at large. Old American Cinema is doped, hooked and preconditioned by all the oughts and noughts of

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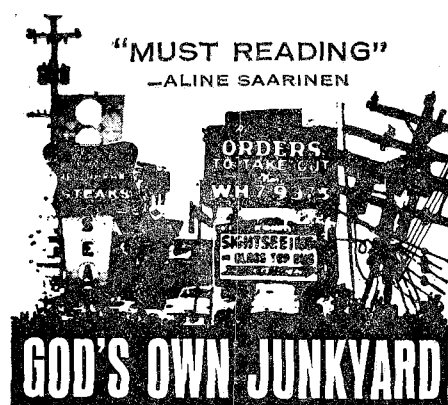
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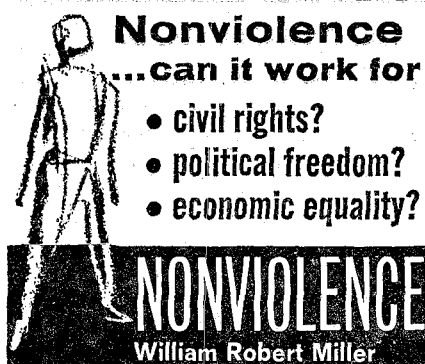


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our society. It is a docile pet which apes the way things are not, it is the tame creature of an invalid culture.

Right now the film-makers who are trying to refresh us may be divided into three major groups, according to their central reactions to our culture, although there is a great deal of overlapping and individuality which it would take too long to discuss here.

The first is that of outright social criticism and protest: those whose films indict the repressive and unnatural aspects of our world. Here I would include Dan Drasin (*Sunday*); Jonas Mekas (*Guns of the Trees*); Bruce Conner (*A Movie: Cosmic Ray*); Richard Preston (*Black and White Burlesque, Nightscapes*); and Stan Vanderbeek (*Science Fiction, Skulduggery*). Drasin is most straightforward as propagandist, with his documentary on authoritarianism (police coercion) which is photographed with great spontaneity and feeling of presence. Mekas makes a good try at expressing the defeats and triumphs of the human spirit in a dehumanized society, through episodes connected by meaning rather than dramatic causality. The intensity of vision which might fuse and sustain a full-length film of this type is not achieved, but Mekas remains the guiding spirit of the New American Cinema as a result of his recognition some four years ago of two crucial early works, *Shadows* and *Pull My Daisy*; his magazine *Film Culture*; and his championing of other new film-makers, which includes the creation of a cooperative to distribute their work.

Conner, Vanderbeek and Preston operate by various collage techniques, Conner assembling film itself, re-editing stock movie footage to transform its values, and Preston and Vanderbeek animating magazine illustrations, ads, photos, etc. A common fault here is the overworking or repetition of material for formal purposes at the expense of the expression itself. Their approach is abundant in visual pun, and largely satiric, except for the agonized *Nightscapes*. But all three go beyond mere parody in their strong affinities with the next group.

And this consists of the films of liberation, films which suggest, mainly through anarchic fantasy, the possibilities of the human spirit in its socially uncorrupted state. The central works here are those of Vernon Zimmerman (*Lemon Hearts, To L. A. with Lust*); Ron Rice (*The Flower Thief, Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man,*

Chumlum); Ken Jacobs (*Little Stabs At Happiness, Blonde Cobra*—in association with Jack Smith and Bob Fleishner—*Star-Spangled to Death*); Jack Smith (*Flaming Creatures, Normal Love*); and George and Mike Kuchar (*Tootsies in Autumn, Pussy on a Hot Tin Roof*). They all allow the utmost freedom to actors and actions, and catch on film the deepest urges, the most delightful and often "obscene" whimsies of their characters, with only the loosest sort of prearrangement. Zimmerman perhaps tends to most closely observe a format, and is least spontaneous in camera work. Rice and Jacobs rely more than the others upon editing for the final structure of material, Rice being the superior editor and the more inventive director of incident while Jacobs, the foremost new cinema singer of common experience, expresses humble human values with less brilliance. Smith is the supreme photographer of the group, both in black and white and previously unimaginable color, as well as the most poetic inspirer of actors and the greatest creator of soundtrack (that of *Flaming Creatures* is likely unequaled in all cinema). The Kuchar brothers may be considered the primitives or Pop artists of this category. They absolutely avoid continuity of action, logic of motivation, consistency of character or economy through editing, which makes for a lack of shape and looseness of effect; largely compensated by excellent color and composition, and gorgeously libidulent overacting. The Kuchars typify the flaws of their group as a whole, whose strength is surely not the technical smoothness or

As last week's issue went to press with Diane di Prima's chronology of harassment of artists, more than 20,000 copies of the new *Evergreen Review* were confiscated at a bindery in Nassau County, N.Y., on the grounds of obscenity. Warrants were issued for the arrest of Barney Rosset, president of Grove Press and editor of the *Review*, and Richard Seaver, associate editor; both are now in Europe. The material cited as obscene was a chapter on the etymology of short Anglo-Saxon words from a book by Wayland Young, *Eros Denied: Sex in Western Society*, and Emil Cadoo's double-exposure photos of nudes. The *Review* has brought suit against the Nassau D.A. for release from interference and \$100,000 in damages.

structural precision we are used to.

The third major group is the mythically oriented. While the first expresses, out of a need for protest, a generally negative reaction; and the second presents, out of a need for freedom, an antithesis or antidote of merely conventional values and emotions; the third creates, out of a need to fill our rationalistic void, those actual inner worlds which fall within the realm of myth. Primary here are the works of Gregory Markopoulos (*Twice a Man, Serenity*); Charles Boultenhouse (*Handwritten, Dionysius*); Kenneth Anger (*Scorpio Rising*); and Stan Brakhage (*Anticipation of the Night, Window Water Baby Moving, The Dead, Blue Moses, Dog Star Man*).

Twice a Man and *Dionysius* utilize Greek myth, the former a modern setting of the Hippolytus theme and the latter an explicit ritual. Markopoulos is the most important experimenter with nondramatic narrative form, particularly noteworthy for his use of non-chronological, subjective time; he is also one of the three or four supreme colorists in film history. On the basis of marvelous rushes of *Dionysius* (the finished version of which I have not seen) Boultenhouse appears to have attained a measured sureness and pictorial simplicity which should add a significant element of classicism to New American Cinema. Anger, after ten years' lapse and many broken projects, again blazons out his demonic mythology.

Brakhage's myth is less specific than any of the others, indeed less derivative; for which reason P. Adams Sitney, editor of *Filmwise*, has referred to *Dog Star Man* as the cinematic instance of mythopoeia—the making of new myth. However, this process can be found in *Anticipation of the Night* and *The Dead* and even in earlier works, though not with the definition achieved in *Dog Star Man*. In all ways a master of technique, Brakhage gives filmic substance to the spirit of matter and to the flesh of spirit, to the life which our culture denies. What a pity Jung could not see these movies. (To those who complain of headaches from certain Brakhage films, I can only suggest that their eyes have been too long focused on the wrong things; it is not easy to pour new visions into old eyes.)

To the above three categories I would add a less pivotal one, which is concerned with fresh perception of the physical world around us. The two film-makers who thus try to wash our

May 11, 1964

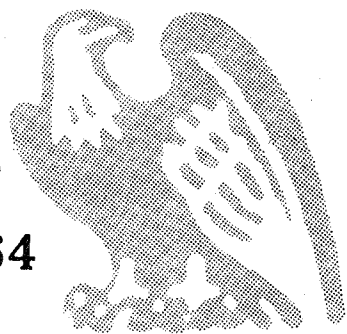
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eyes clear of grime, smoke and other pollution are Marie Menken (*Bagatelle for Willard Maas, Notebooks, Go! Go! Go!*); and Joseph Cornell (*Nymph-light, A Fable for Fountains*). Menken is the surer technician and stylist as she reveals natural beauties which still survive among us; while Cornell's glimpses of the ordinary seem ready to break with holding some inner mystery. Finally, there are Robert Breer (*Blazes, Horse over Teakettle*); Carmen D'Avino (*The Room, A Trip*); and Ed Emshwiller (*Lifelines, Thanatopsis*), who make decorative films, "plastic enterprises," in which we can enjoy form and color at play, alive, and not just animated.

The New American Cinema has arisen at this time precisely because of the great possibilities of film which the Old smothers, possibilities of cultural counteraction. Film still offers the formal freedom of a relatively new and unexplored medium, unshaped by the centuries. More pointedly, there is the potential spontaneity of cinema, especially in the recording of the moment, with later reshaping of the vital matter. This freedom, which has chance as well as anarchic implica-

tions, according to who uses it, has of course displeased those who prefer the old tidiness to the new life. And then there is the immediacy of the moving image, its impact and "realism." Film, in relation to other arts, can be comparatively nonsymbolic; a power useful to counteract an environment ever more alien and abstract, as Siegfried Kracauer has pointed out in his *Theory of Film*. (This power can either reproduce the material qualities of the physical world with the conviction which the machine's accuracy engenders; or can take on the aspect of dream, fantasy, the unconscious, through its unrivaled achievements of a stream of direct images.) The great example of such immediacy does not seem to me to lie in the realism advocated by Kracauer and fulfilled par excellence by Rossellini, and Neorealism in general; nor in Bunuelian surrealism; nor even in the improvisatory cutting loose of Rice's people or the unleashing of Smith's and his actors' fantasies. Rather it is in Brakhage's use of basic experience as material, unmediated by acting or action, where the power of cinematic immediacy is manifested most definitively.

Lady Poetry

WEDDING NIGHT OF A NUN. By Lynne Lawner. Little, Brown & Co. 44 pp. \$3.75.

Kenneth Rexroth

Someone once defined Romanticism as emotion without passion. As a definition, I think that suffers from romantic ambiguity, but I have no doubt what the fellow meant. Yvor Winters long ago pointed out that the very mention of anything whatever connected with ancient Greece threw the Imagist H.D. into a profound tizzy, and that since her responses were unwarranted by either objective or subjective reality, she was a sentimentalist. I don't altogether agree, but the point is well taken. I have given many seminars in the analysis of poetry and a favorite of mine has always been Louise Bogan's "Men loved wholly beyond wisdom," precisely because it is one of those marginal works of art on the borderline between sentiment and in this case suffragette propaganda, and passionate truth. Classes tend to divide pretty evenly over the question, "What is it?" A favorite quotation of mine — by Eunice Teitjens or Sarah Teasdale, or possibly both, is "The stars with slender fingers reach down and strangle me."

This is the problem with woman poetry. There is so much hyperaesthesia lying around it's difficult to tell the woods from the trees. As a brutal matter of fact, most woman poetry that is any good has been written by Lesbians, nymphomaniacs or nuns, assuming Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson to have been nuns of a sort. This is why the very small body of good poetry by normal women is so precious. If it were not for them, immense regions of experience, common to half the human race, would be inaccessible to the work of etherialization and symbolic objectification of values which is the social task of poetry.

So when a young lady sits down to write poems about how much she enjoys being laid in the Boboli Gardens, we all prick up our ears. Is she going to make it, or are we just going to be served some more cuisine? Beginning with the very title, I am afraid that Lynne Lawner's book is cuisine, not as decadently overspiced as some jobs, but cookery. If only she would have spoken simply of how it happened and what it felt like and

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Coup de Disgrâce"

"It was the Paris Opéra, all right, but it looked like something out of the Folies Bergère by way of the Grand-Guignol. Faust was hung up in a geodesic cage, 20 feet above the stage. Mephistopheles effeminately fluttered a bright, purple fan. Hideously deformed gremlins danced the twist on the table during the Last Supper, and Marguerite did a strip. Throughout last week's unveiling of the 'Damnation' as choreographed by Maurice Béjart, the usually staid Opéra audience roared an obbligate of cheers, boos, and cries of 'Vive la musique!' And when it was over the conductor and the choreographer were not only out of step—they were at war."

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then what happened next. Instead, there is the oldest of the Romantic heresies — the sub-confusion of the vertigoes of penetration and orgasm with the vision and transformations of religion. And there is the old sex war, whipsawing conflict right down to the last inhibited explosion:

*How low, how alien, how inconstant
must I grow to be played on,
to be preyed on
by your musical descent?
what horrors study,
what odd beds lie in,
to make a body
for a god to die in?*

Who, me? Honey, I ain't no god, just a randy young fellow, over here on a Fulbright. The only person I've

met so far is the American Consul. Yet somewhere behind all these Hawaiian fish and Christmas tree ornaments there may be truth, simple and nonchalant. If only Lynne Lawner would write a poem or two shorn of all device, not a simile, not a metaphor, not a symbol, not an ambiguity. She has set herself a most difficult task, at least in our post-Modern, post-Christian culture, and she has gone about it with a certain luster. That she degenerates into glamour or glitter is a failing that time just may correct.

Kenneth Rexroth, poet and critic, is the author most recently of Natural Numbers: Selected Poems (New Directions).

THEATRE

BLUES FOR MISTER CHARLIE BABY WANT A KISS

Unlike many reviewers and readers I do not believe it to be the function of criticism (even theatre criticism) to issue stop-go orders. The critic hopes to elucidate the subject of his discussion so that some light may be shed on the work itself and indirectly on himself. It is the reader's business to decide what "practical" use he will make of this process. Nevertheless, I say that you should see James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie* (Anta Theatre).

My injunction has a special significance in this instance, for I intend to dwell on the play's flaws even more than on its merits. The reader usually gathers from such critical treatment that a play need not be seen, an inference arising from the commercially induced habit of supposing that recommended plays are more or less "perfect" and that nothing less than perfection is worth the price of a ticket. I recommend *Blues for Mister Charlie*, peculiarly enough, for some of its defects as much as for its positive attributes.

The play, based on an actual event, tells of a young Southern Negro, a minister's son, sent North to study to be a jazz musician, but more especially because his father hopes that in New York his son will be spared the terrible indignity of the colored man's life in the South. But the boy, Richard Henry, finds New York less liberating than loose, its freedom sufficient

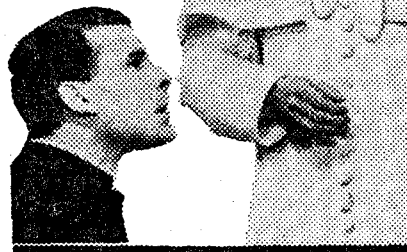
only to dig pockets of corruption in the city's nameless concentration camp. He finds release in vengeful sex bouts with white girls and ultimately in drugs.

When Richard returns to his home town he is all savage resentment. The persistent object of his rancor is Lyle Britten, a poor white man who everyone is certain murdered a Negro whose wife Lyle had pressed into adultery. He has been tried for the crime and acquitted. (Richard Henry's mother was also presumed killed by another white man whose advances she had repulsed.) Richard Henry seeks to provoke, humiliate and possibly kill Lyle. He succeeds in the first two aims but desists from the fatal temptation of the last only to have Lyle shoot him to death. A trial follows and once again the murderer is pronounced "not guilty."

This plot, presented in somewhat novelistic or "Faulknerian" fashion, is the frame for thematic material composing a texture broad enough to suggest many of the author's thoughts on this country's interracial problems. Among the play's characters are a religious Negro who hopes to repay evil with righteous endurance, thus to alleviate the sufferings of his people. This man comes to recognize his failure. Then there is a white editor, liberal through intellectual conviction and a profound sympathy for the colored townsfolk he has be-

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friended and among whom he once found the one true but frustrated love of his life. He wants to help all concerned but falters and satisfies neither side. There are in addition the town bigots, a disemboweled white clergyman, the dehydrated middle-class (white) wives and their semicastrate husbands. Standing apart from these is Lyle Britten's wife who, though she knows herself unloved by her husband whom she suspects of being a killer as well as a lecher with an appetite for colored flesh, cannot emerge from the morass of ignorance, fear and mendacity in which she and all her kind are sunk.

The first act introduces the sit-

May 11, 1964

uation with furious power and narrative sweep. The second act offers details of crime-story fascination, though tension and interest tend to diminish here since we not only foresee the story's outcome and anticipate its point but have already experienced the impact of Baldwin's message. He tries to enrich the trial scene (of which the conclusion is never in doubt) through a series of interpolated soliloquies that reveal aspects of the various characters' psychic drives which he hasn't been able to convey through the unfolding of the plot itself. Here, for all its occasional

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bursts of feeling and eloquence, Mr. Baldwin's rhetoric becomes naked preachment.

The last statement must be qualified. Since we in the New York theatre audience are already convinced of the play's thesis, we demand new insights, a deeper probing than Baldwin supplies. Yet to dismiss the play on these grounds is an evasion. The fact remains that, though benevolent, perplexed and disturbed, most of us are not yet burningly aware not only that "the fire next time," but that the conflagration has already begun. It is no longer just the colored who must raise a hue and cry, but more irrepressibly, the whites. In this regard we are culpable through our sloth, timidity and in many instances through our "aestheticism." So while *Blues for Mister Charlie* may be artistically faulty, so much of it being "crude propaganda," perhaps it is just as well—since we are provided with so little "art" in the theatre and since our relation to politics is at best tenuous and flaccid—that our ears and heads be buffeted by just such propaganda.

There is an even subtler fault in the play, but it is to some degree mitigated by Baldwin's moral personality. One suspects that Baldwin's use of the present story material is in a sense perfunctory: any similar incident might have suited him as well. Subject and object have not become organic. The author's intimate self is not integral with the body of the play.

Still a Baldwin "touch" is there: Richard Henry is not a "good boy." Not only is he filled with hatred; to a considerable degree he is hateful. The whites in the trial scene all lie; so do most of the blacks. Baldwin saves his play from the special pleading which relates such stories as a conflict between vicious oppressors and innocent victims, the sort of plea for "justice" and "tolerance" that makes me want to claim in moments of exasperation the privilege of disliking the Negro as much as I do the white man! Baldwin's play never quite achieves its own poetry, but through his badly blemished characters he manages to sound a voice of some force and originality to which we are obliged, indeed compelled, to listen.

The value of the text is greatly enhanced by the excellence of the acting. Under Burgess Meredith's direction the entire cast deserves praise. This is especially true of Al Freeman,

Jr., Rosetta LeNoire, Pat Hingle and Diana Sands, whose final outburst is rendered in a mighty flow with which Shakespeare should be but rarely is acted. Miss Sands's passion came close to making me accept the content of her speech which struck me as a lyricism more forced than found.

I was interested in the social-theatrical complexion of *Baby Want a Kiss* (Little Theatre) rather than in the play itself. It purports to be a fanciful satire of our celebrity fixation or, more exactly, of the fatuity of the celebrities themselves as manifested in the paragons of the film industry.

The tone which the author James Costigan (who also acts in the play) adopts is a cross between Restoration comedy *persiflage* and the fashionable obscenities of sophisticated show-business banter. Now and then a witty spark is struck but most of the time the play gives the impression that brilliant quips are about to be uttered, but these come forth as hardly more than a series of flatulent puffs.

This is the sort of satire of Hollywood "high life" which Hollywood and its counterparts everywhere find extremely gratifying. Its audience is the reflection of the vacuity it applauds. It comes to the play chiefly to see an engaging and handsome couple, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, Hollywood stars with whom it can "level"—that is, mock, envy, admire, toady to, and in some subliminal way emulate, even in the supposed debasement of the play's jokes and in the real glamour of their actual persons.

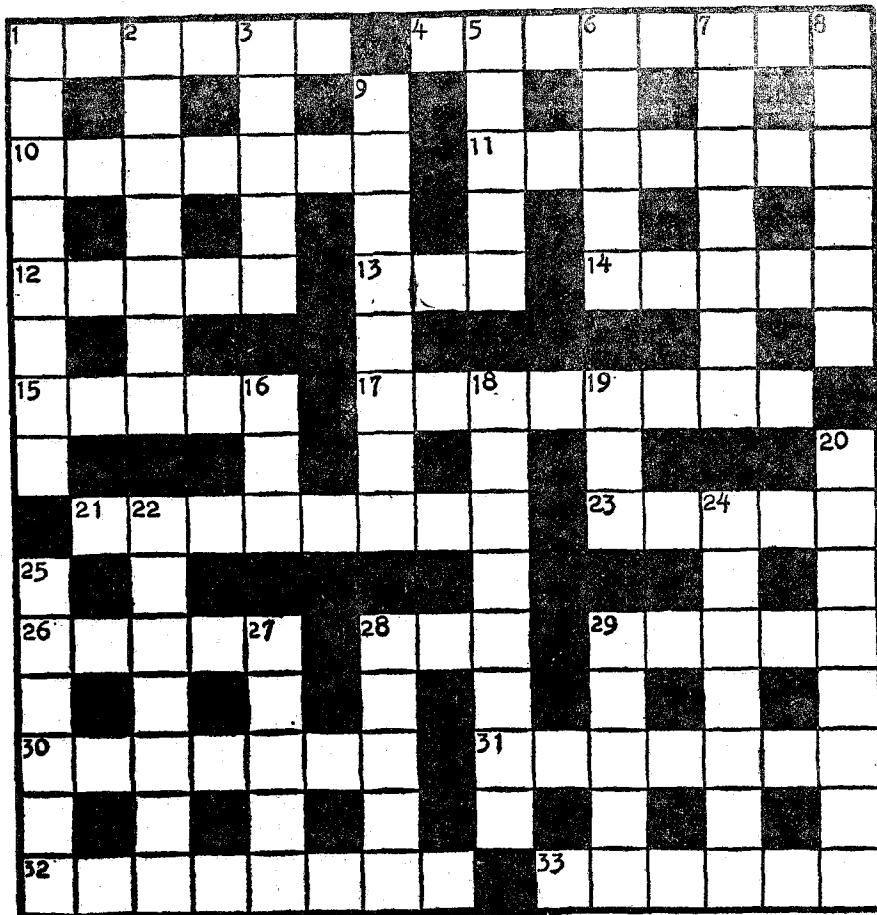
The setting by Peter Harvey has an odd antiseptic attractiveness and is beautifully lit by David Hays. Miss Woodward is most charmingly gowned. She and Paul Newman, her husband, play their roles with flattering ease, roles which make few demands on them apart from a show of their likable professionalism. They return to the stage in a play which derides the world in which they have been living and working and to which they owe their box-office "draw." The audience which assumes a superiority to that world comes to see them precisely because these two nice people form a constellation in Hollywood. Broadway has become a holiday resort for film actors. Amusing? Curious? Perhaps instructive.

HAROLD CLURMAN

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 1058

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 There's a sort of oil in what the French drink — 33 is a vulgar name for it. (6)
- 4 Seals are certainly not the type with spines. (8)
- 10 What makes ivy cling? (7)
- 12 16 down and 11 across Where to look for a fair guess, sometimes. (One wouldn't say it was in good condition.) (5, 3, 7)
- 13 Mills doesn't have anything written about the previous answer. (3)
- 14 Must have been about 7, for Pippa. (5)
- 15 It extends one's sail; after 23 across it's even longer. (5)
- 17 Took the game, perhaps, with a sort of drum in the finish. (8)
- 21 One familiar with wood instead of chemical compound? (8)
- 23 The sort of naiad one associates with the 28. (5)
- 26 Punctilious force. (5)
- 28 19 and 8 down Fawn, getting to play with some difficulty on the 33? (3, 3, 6)
- 29 May is associated with such force. (5)
- 30 A fine thing to wear, and in such wild proceedings, too! (7)
- 31 Farms, if states order it so. (7)
- 32 You usually don't keep them in hand. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Excellent on the 1 across, perhaps. (5)
- 2 Things one expects to be delivered by command? (2, 5)

- 3 One doesn't work — more like some wheels, perhaps. (5)
- 5 One might be called a guest to welcome first. (5)
- 6 There's little credit to a stupid person to be so thick! (5)
- 7 Intensify and magnify. (7)
- 9 Grating, ground up and sent around. (8)
- 18 Well, that's war for you, sailor! (5, 3)
- 20 State, possibly of the unfit or the unpalatable. (3, 5)
- 22 Prokofiev had a love for three. (5)
- 24 Divine in the past. (7)
- 25 and 33 across Not the first one across that some suitors have objected to playing. (6, 6)
- 27 No tag for the vehicle in India — or is it in Polynesia? (5)
- 28 Gave out bark — like a lot of our coastline. (5)
- 29 Dress of the head of the state religion? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1057

ACROSS: 1 Vacuum cleaners; 9 Peridot; 10 Bergson; 11 Remark; 14 Chiliad; 15 Paste; 17 Sable; 19 Hormone; 21 Vitreous; 23 Gamete; 25 Clement; 26 Startle. DOWN: 1 Vaporizes; 2 Ceramic; 3 Undermine; 5 Embroidery; 6 Norma; 7 Resides; 8 Knee; 13 Silhouette; 15 Propagate; 16 Elopement; 18, 12 and 27 across Between you and me and the gatepost; 20 and 4 down Electrocute; 21 Vice; 22 Event; 24 Ossa.

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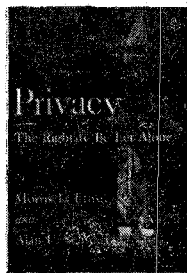
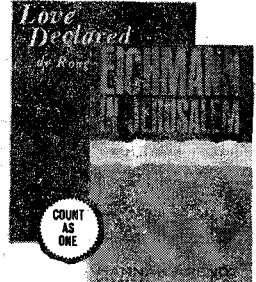
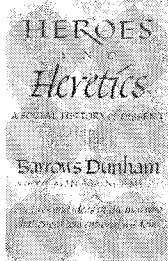
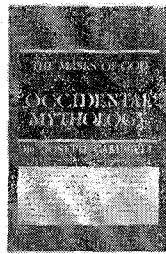
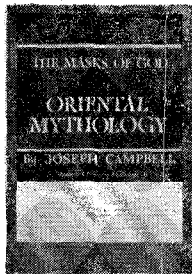
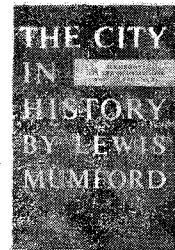
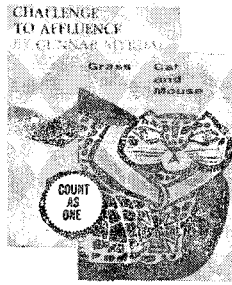
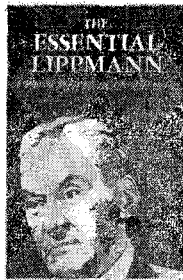
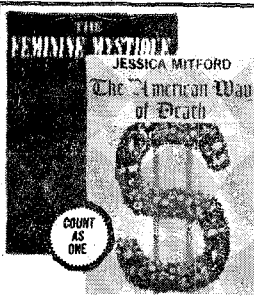
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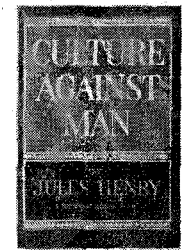
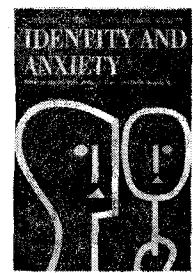
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